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Dream Network



A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth

In This Issue:

The Adventure of Starting Your Own Dream Group by Noreen Wessling

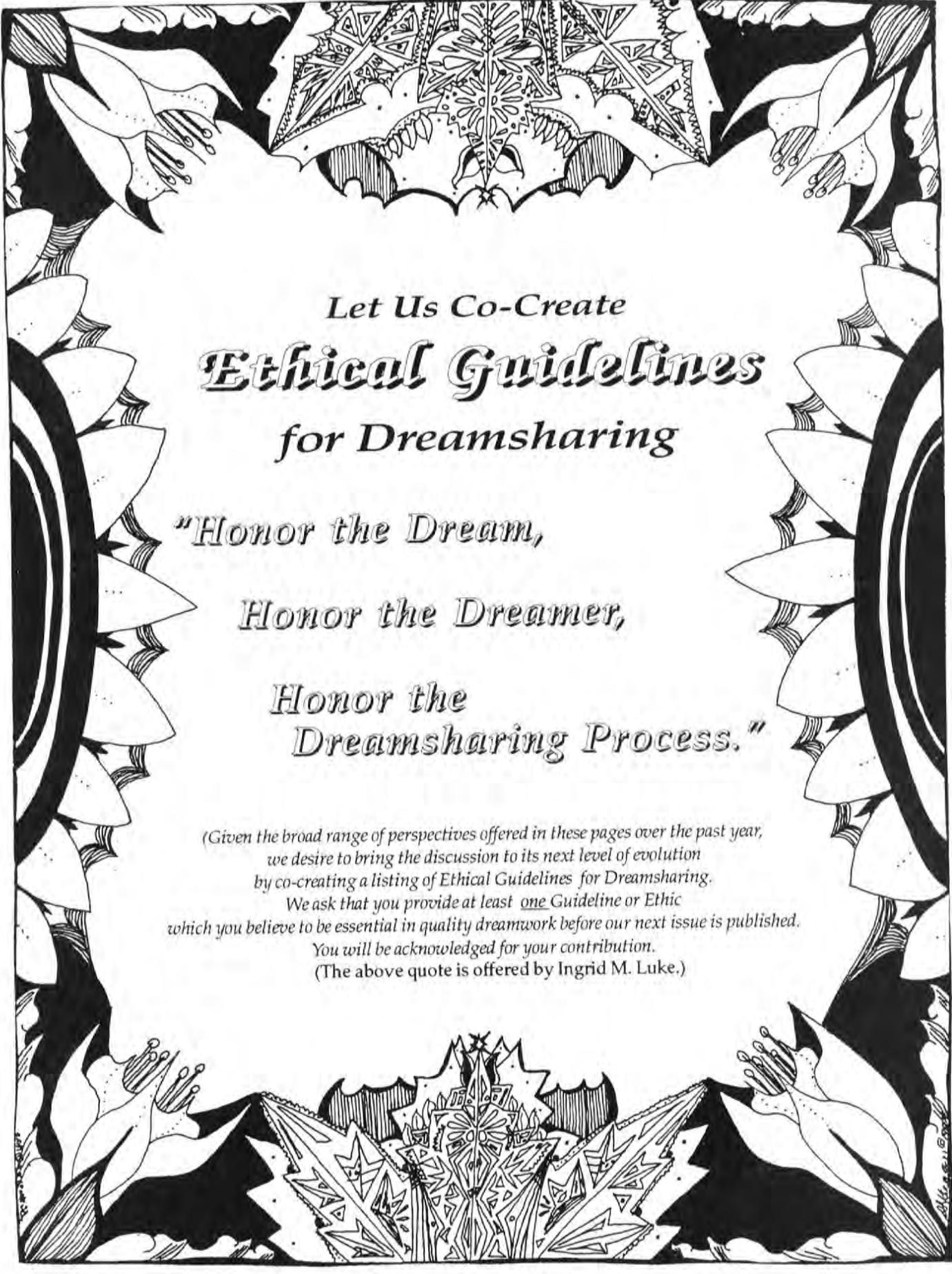
My Lord Who Hums:

Revisioning the Insect/Human Connection by Joanne Hob

Heron Sunrise by Pao Mitchell

Feel the Rage of Orpheus by Jeffery Lewis





Let Us Co-Create
Ethical Guidelines
for Dreamsharing

*"Honor the Dream,
Honor the Dreamer,
Honor the
Dreamsharing Process."*

*(Given the broad range of perspectives offered in these pages over the past year,
we desire to bring the discussion to its next level of evolution
by co-creating a listing of Ethical Guidelines for Dreamsharing.
We ask that you provide at least one Guideline or Ethic
which you believe to be essential in quality dreamwork before our next issue is published.
You will be acknowledged for your contribution.
(The above quote is offered by Ingrid M. Luke.)*



Statement of Purpose

Our *genre* is self help; our *purpose* is to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams & myth. Our *goal*: to empower dreamers, to demystify dreamwork and assist with the integration of dream-sharing into our culture in whatever way of integrity is shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and social. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. *Enacting* the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the *Journal* and what is surfacing that is of particular interest to the readership. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to appear. We invite you to indicate the areas/questions you would like us to address in future issues.

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Theme for 1993

Mytakuye Oyasin
A Lakota word meaning
"All My Relations"

Focus for Summer Issue:

Stones, Flora (trees, plants,
flowers, etc.), Crystals in your
dreams: What is their meaning,
message? How have you
enacted these dreams?

*Lifeline: Three Weeks
after receipt of this issue.*

Note regarding the Questions & Focus

Suggested for Upcoming Issues:

Everything about dreams is unpredictable and we recognize that suggesting a Question or Focus around which to sculpt each issue has the potential for disallowing a current synchronistic event, transformational dream experience, an inspiration, breakthrough or burning issue-- which you may DESIRE to share, draw, or commit to poetry.

Conversely, this publication (and editor) asks for parameters: we are limited space-wise and choose not to wander all over creation in it. Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary.

Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, you are invited to share your experience or insight regardless of whether it fits within the suggested Questions or Focus. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as dreamers, it will undoubtedly complement the issue as a whole.

Individuals from all walks of life are invited to make submissions!

Deep Gratitude

Editorials

Many who read these pages are familiar with advocating for what have been, until recently, unpopular causes . . . such as the Peace Movement, the environment, racial and gender justice and equality, endangered species, the rights of those in poverty. Not many of us have come into deep relationship with and advocacy for insects.

Joanne Hobbs, our co-editor for this issue, is dedicated to creatures, especially 'creepy crawlers,' on a level few have the pleasure of experiencing. Throughout its preparation, it has been an honor to learn from Joanne and it is my pleasure to share with you her insights via her editorial and exceptional article, *My Lord Who Hums* (pg. 14). Her photographic talents — a demonstration of her affinity with insects — grace our covers as well. Joanne, ♡ Tima Priess, thanks for putting us in touch with Rhianon Haniman's engaging perspective on *The Wisdom of Cats & Other Beasts* (pg. 18) and LaRue Near's dreams and drawings.

Those of you who have responded to the questions posed on dream education and certification over this past year, accept appreciation from all readers. And thank you, Jeremy Taylor, for posing them! The discussion has been enlightening and has revealed that there are many compelling pros and cons to the questions posed, especially as regards certification. That is an enigma — and justifiably so — as it seems we have quite some distance to go before even coming to agreement about this multi-dimensional, multi-faceted experience we call, simply, dreaming.

As of this issue, we will bring the discussion on certification to its next level of evolution by inviting you help co-create a listing of essential *Guidelines & Ethics for Dreamsharing*. Please contemplate the past year's discussions, your own values and provide input. We desire to produce a succinct one page document that will be printed in future issues and broadcast across the land . . . as in planting seeds (see pg. 3).

Regarding dream education, I encourage you, who participate in dream groups and dreamwork, to make ongoing submissions such as are presented in this issue in Noreen Wessling's delightful account of the wiles and ways of the *Pines Dream Sharers* (pg. 30), and Fisher/Seltzer's precious *Dream Gift* (pg. 29). Those of you who offer information on dreams in educational settings (on every grade level) or in churches/Sunday schools, please share your ideas for curriculum and experiences. What you share is of inestimable benefit to countless others.

Recently, someone commented "I wish we didn't call them all dreams," referring to the growing recognition that there are many *types* of dreams. And it is true that dreams come for a multitude of purposes; primarily personal, but also to provide inspiration for writing, songs, inventions, poetry; there are precognitive and visionary dreams and those in which we receive 'visitations' from loved ones who have died . . . ad infinitum. The East Indian people, the Tibetans, the Chinese have long possessed knowledge about dreams that we are just now beginning to glimpse. Consider, for example, the *Explorations into the Nighiland* Jan Janzen is making using *Tibetan Dream Yoga* methods (pg. 22). Among indigenous peoples around the world, the purposes ascribed to dreams varies considerably from tribe to tribe and this has been true for centuries.

It seems to me that, in reality, we are *all* exploring. No one of us is an expert, because dreams themselves will not allow us to be. They elude us in every attempt we have made, for centuries, to explain them or 'pin them down'. That is their nature! Dreams are ultimately a mystery and the best we can do, in my humble opinion, is respect that truth and ask our questions, share our explorations, research and experiences together . . . in a spirit of respect for the beauty, horror and fascination . . . of our dreams and our lives. It would be difficult to engage in power struggles in this light.

Recently, ABC-TV's *Prime Time* did an expose' indicting 900# caller lines in general, citing them for 'selling hope to the hopeless for extraordinary fees.'

(The show was televised on February 18, 1993. Transcripts are available by calling 1-800-825-5746.)

In 1992, I was contacted by no fewer than four individuals and/or organizations who were in the process of developing 900# line access to the public focused on dreams. In one instance, the 900 line had already begun operation and was being widely publicized. It was short lived. In each instance, I have taken strong objection to the apparent lack of homework, ethics and foresight given to what was being proposed. In each instance, there were strong undertones and the distinct 'odor' of gold-rush fever.

I have voiced objections, provided information and education, identified incorrect use of terminology and potential legal problems . . . overall, being extremely concerned about the negative impact that approaching dream work in this way could have. I urge you to contemplate the *Letters* on this topic provided by Harold Ellis and Montague Ullman (pg. 8).

The attempts at establishing 900# lines on dreams could — above and beyond economic motivations — be another indication of a growing interest and curiosity in dreams; the ire aroused thusfar provides a clear indication that the 900# method is not the appropriate avenue for satisfying that need.

See the *Bulletin* on page 36 regarding *Regional Contact Persons* for a Networking response.

Given the extensive and reputable research being done and the plethora of quality information in circulation, it is unlikely that the doors on this precious area of common human experience and soul-need will be closed to us again. However, we need to be extremely cautious about the contexts in which we expand the openings; they had been — until 1900 — systematically and powerfully repressed for centuries. Let's get it right this time, for

Mytakuye Oyasin,
All Our Relations! ♡

From our Co-Editor, Joanne Hobbs

Several years ago I began to gather information on insects to include in a book I am writing on transformative waking and dreaming interactions between humans and non-humans. I immersed myself in insect fact and lore, and found myself slowly captivated by this vast Lilliputian world. I looked forward to what my dreaming would add to my research. I believe that every living thing, regardless of form, is innately equipped for communication. And I had no doubts that somehow the insects would know my intentions and I hoped for their participation.

In a manner reminiscent of the Native American way of showing good intent and respect, I started a backyard compost pile and dedicated it to the local insect population. During that period I dreamed that a beetle came out of the center of my forehead. And when I squeezed that place another beetle emerged. Soon after I dreamed of an outdoor wedding ceremony. A winged cicada flew low, just over our heads carrying a wedge of spice cake that it divided up into small squares to give to each wedding guest in a communion ritual. I felt its blessing and gave thanks.

When I began my research, I was aware of our culture's blatant scorn and aggressive stance toward insects. But I underestimated the level of fear and hatred that governs typical responses to insects. I found few stories of communion and cooperation between humans and insects. I decided to try and enlist the aid of the powers the ancients believed overlight each species, self-organizing energetic powers that holistic biologist Rupert Sheldrake calls the morphogenetic field of a species. Now as otherworldly as seeking guidance from that level of things may sound, it really wasn't. That night I dreamed I was attacked by a mechanical insect designed and propelled by a human will reminiscent of Darth Vader.

Eventually it occurred to me that I was inviting some repressed forces in the collective shadow of the culture's psyche. It was my direction: for there could be no return to cooperation or communion without encountering and bringing awareness

to the energies that supported and fueled our society's beliefs about insects (and I mean to include spiders, scorpions, millipedes, snails, worms and all the creepy crawlers). The feelings in our culture border on hysteria, and we perceive them as death-wielding, disease-ridden, prolific demons that frighten and annoy us with their independence and voracious appetites. New, more positive experiences simply can't enter with our cups so full of fear-based opinions.

When I was asked to co-edit this issue of the Dream Network Journal -- an issue that would continue to address the role of non-humans in dreaming -- I welcomed the opportunity to speak about another way to see and relate to creepy crawlers. But to really understand the ways in which insects interact with us in dreaming, I think it is imperative that we first address the way we interact and think about them as we go about our waking lives. Our human dreams will continue to reflect the collective psyche until we can bring some awareness to the lens through which we see [or don't really see] the strange and wonderful kingdom that literally surrounds us.

The Navajo believed that creeping creatures of all kinds provided the foundation for all other life forms. Certainly science can testify to their critical role in pollination and as the earth's clean-up crew. But philosopher-scientist Phillip Calahan tells us that the foundation the Navajo people intuitively understood may also be a vast communication grid composed in part of billions of insect antennas that receive wavelengths and link the earth to the cosmos in a symphony of vibration. This image of continual communication between the insects and the universe, and I suspect between all life forms, that goes on right under our human senses, captivates me and echoes the perennial wisdom passed down in traditional cultures.

It has been my experience that insects are messengers. As carriers of soul energies, they point out what is dead or out of balance with characteristic diligence and disregard for our ego-directed agendas. In dreams they typically upset us: pursuing, stinging, annoying, and frightening us with unswerving intent. Not mindless, but

ever mindful of our need to be aroused out of complacency and passivity and infused with soul-directed energy and wisdom. But they can also bless us directly in waking and in dreaming, and they will seek those who acknowledge them with respect and are open to the experience.

I love to talk about the insects. The more I learn about them, the more I notice and appreciate them as I go about the day. Invariably, when I say something, even briefly, to someone about our connection to insects, they either have a dream about an insect or some attention-grabbing encounter with an insect in their waking life. It seems that the creepy crawlers are waiting for us outside the doors of our attention.

And people understandably want to know: what about fleas on our companion animals and bugs in our homes and food? So I tell them what I have learned: Insects don't mind dying (they are always eating each other and being eaten) as much as they mind being hated, ridiculed, and despised. Boundaries set with our blessings for those that choose to use them as a release seem to be best.

Michaëlle Wright, author of [Behaving As If the God In All Life Mattered](#), works with the overlighting presences of those species in her garden. She always gives one plant in a row of plants to the insects. It has been her experience that when we take an adversarial stance, the insects respond with their own entrenched position. In the case of our all-out war against certain imported species like the Japanese beetle, she has learned that the consciousness of an individual Japanese beetle feels like that of an abused child: blind anger and incalculable pain. The image has always stayed with me.

You may discover, as I have, that we have points of kinship worth exploring with all species, and we can laugh at our differences, take tea with our demons, and bless the large and small creatures that inhabit and serve the earth and our deepest identity so faithfully. ✨

Joanne Hobbs



Responses

900 Lines: A Detriment to the Dream Movement?

An Open Letter to "Dreamscene Partner's"
Simone Sheffield, President of Hollywood's proposed
Infomercial/900# for dreams.

Eric Craig has forwarded to me literature and contract form for providing your customers with what he describes as a dream education service. I have not seen the "infomercial" he mentions. Since your material describes the service differently, i.e. as a professional therapy dream interpretive service, my comments will be based on your contract and description.

For nine years I have run several dream understanding (not interpreting, not therapy) courses each semester in high school and college adult continuing education, with a fair level of enrollment. I also have 25 years of practice teaching and presenting dream education workshops to audiences in many kinds of organizational settings in the USA and abroad.

Based on these experiences and on responses to several national TV and local radio programs on which I have appeared, I can affirm that often people are curious about and do want to understand their dreams. But in the sense of a "market" as Craig terms it, in my opinion it is extremely limited and a "hard sell."

I can agree with your premise that there is a large market for interpreting dreams, that is, for psychotherapy. In plain English, as the words are used professionally in modern times, therapeutic interpretation of dreams differs from academic education about dreams. Your literature makes it clear that you are offering therapy services.

Despite Dr. Craig's assurances, I fail to see the validity of a therapist interpreting a very brief telephoned dream communication with scant knowledge of the dreamer's problems and circumstances. It would be like shooting in the dark, and just as dangerous. In that lack of light I can well understand your rigid requirement that the therapist be heavily insured and hold you harmless. Actually, I don't think you could legally avoid involvement.

To put it baldly, I could foresee an uproar leveled at the media and all "interactive consultants" involved in this enterprise, with present and expectant licensed individuals putting their reputations at great risk. I urge you to get some alternative legal opinions.

Harold Ellis, Ph.D., Hicksville, NY



More Criticism of 900# Dream Lines

I recently received some materials regarding the implementation of a 900# caller line focused on dreams, and was shocked when I read the contractual arrangements that were to be made with the interviewers.

At best, I feel this undertaking is born out of ignorance about the nature of dream work and, worst, is nothing more than a commercial scam covered over by a veneer of legalisms and professional pretensions. In my view this project will not result in anything resembling an authentic professional approach at helping a dreamer with a dream. Here are my reasons:

The contract is geared to protecting the entrepreneur and the dream consultant but, as far as I can see, the dreamer is left out in the cold as to the expense involved and as to arriving at any real comprehension about the connection of the dream to his or her life. To assume that a consultant can listen to a dream which may take up to five or ten minutes to tell, clarify the details of what they hear, grasp the circumstances under which the dream was dreamt, offer the help needed to bring the dreamer to a felt response about the meaning of the dream and to do all this in ten to fifteen minutes, is utter nonsense. The caller is paying fifty to sixty dollars for help which, if done properly, would take closer to an hour or more, even if it could be done. To me this is a crass commercial way to exploit the interest and curiosity the public has about dreams, as well as their vulnerability.

Who are the people who are going to accomplish this amazing feat? Is the screening of interviewers to rely simply on credentials? There are many well credentialed people with little experience or competence with dreams. How many will have had the experience of working with dreams outside the consulting rooms? Described as such an easy and convenient way to make extra money, it will attract many such well credentialed professionals. How many will really be aware of the vicissitudes and pitfalls of dream work made even more difficult by working with an unknown and unseen dreamer? There is even a reference to people who are still in training or supervision carrying this out.

I think the commercial overtones of projects like this and the fact that it promises more than it can deliver will ultimately set back the current earnest effort being made to move serious, effective dream work into the community. As someone long involved with this movement, I was well aware that someday someone would try to cash in on it. Apparently that day has come.

The bottom line is that you can no more condense dream work into a ten to fifteen minute phone call than you can condense a Beethoven symphony into that time slot.

Montague Ullman, Ardsley, NY

Let's CEASE Dream 'Snobbery'!

Regarding dream education and certification, I believe that dream work is one of the par excellence social tools of the future. For this reason, I think it is important to develop guidelines for more refined 'dream learning.' I believe DN would do well to inaugurate two regular columns on the subject: one for Dream Educators (teaching in classroom settings with children and young adults); one for Dream Work Training (for adults).

It is my hope that any type of 'dream snobbery' will cease. It's becoming ever clearer that our global situation is in dire enough straits and maybe NOW we will find better ways to work together and realize that ALL dream work is valuable.

The various forms of Dream Education that have been proposed are an excellent start and I would be willing to embark upon such a program when offered, depending on cost and time needed to study, etc. But I am open to the idea.

In addition, it's vitally important that I don't feel I have to have a specific dream training course in order to work well with my dreams . . . or to continue with our Pines Dream Group. I want it to be my CHOICE.

To summarize: YES! Let's have more training options on different levels of dream work/interest; Yes! Let's use DN as our forum for sharing these ideas and a big thanks to Jeremy Taylor for having the hootzpa to get the ball rolling.

Finally, you are doing an incredible job with DN. I agree with my good buddy, Henry Reed. I've never seen it so good. Thanks!

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

Thanks for Lewis' Lake of Grief!

I am still experiencing fits of weeping long after finding Jeffery Lewis' article, *Lake of Grief* (DN Vol. 12 No. 1). So much lately has been revealing to me the nature of my (own) necessary path. His act of sharing his dreams has provided a guidepost for me and others. And now I see that, in turn, I too provide for others. Dream-sharing is our most unused and powerful asset in penetrating the grief and making light. I feel empowered by a glimpse into Jeff's dream awareness.

Moirá, Austin, TX

Please Share Information About Sleepwalking ...

I am a 28-year-old sleepwalker. No, I don't walk around in the middle of the night with my arms outstretched and eyes closed. I don't even think I'm crazy. I come from an upper-middle-class family, received a graduate degree from Harvard and have been a successful New York editor. But my dream world has always been larger than life, casting light and shadows on my waking consciousness and forcing me to call into question the nature of reality.

As a child, I remember waking up in the middle of the night with night terrors. The nightmares were never internalized dreams, but externalized and projected onto the objects in my room. A wicker hamper, then, became a foxhole that I dove towards in a battlefield dream.

My sleepwalking increased dramatically during adolescence. The worst childhood incident occurred when I was 14. I recall seeing a monstrous, animal-like figure in front of my bed. I was so terrified that I jumped out of bed, smashed my arm into the window and tried to jump out of my second-story room. Something — perhaps physical shock — pulled me back. I was taken to the hospital with a large gash under my arm, which has left a fish-hook scar.

I've experienced several of what I now call "involuntary suicide" incidents. In college, while I was staying at a monastery on Mt. Athos in Greece, I acted on an urge to go to the balcony. The "threat" I felt nearly caused me to jump, but again, I pulled back and quietly returned to bed, this time without causing a commotion. When living in Japan after college, I smashed my fist into a glass door after experiencing an attack from a robber.

During periods of high stress, I may sleepwalk one or more times a week. But even during periods of relaxation, I usually awake an hour or two into my sleep and can expect to get up at least once a month. I have done damage to my body, my physical surroundings and on extremely rare occasions to loved ones. I should add, however, that many sleepwalking experiences could also be classified as pleasurable or at least bizarre. During a relationship, I may awake to find the image of my girlfriend seated at the foot of my bed. I will often carry on a

discussion until my physical senses discern that I am hallucinating. During high school, I awoke to find myself standing in the middle of my bedroom with a circle of swords swirling around my head. It was a powerful, almost devilish, experience. Other dream actions turned out to have some psychic truths about them.

Is sleepwalking common? Not from my experience. While many people experience night terrors or talking in their sleep, few actually get out of bed. Predictably, society and the law treats it as a disease of the mind. In one case of a man who assaulted a woman during a sleepwalking incident, the jury found him not guilty by reason of insanity.

I have just begun to delve into this very personal topic, with the hope of writing something more substantial. I would love to hear from people who sleepwalk and are willing to discuss their experiences. In addition, I'm eager to hear from sleep specialists who could offer their theories of the phenomenon and what "treatment" they recommend. Could it be hereditary? (My mother was a sleepwalker but stopped during her early 20s). Does anybody know of any academic, literary or historical references to sleepwalking?

I'd be happy to correspond with anyone with more information.

*Todd Harris, 160 W. 71st St. #4K
New York, NY 10023*

From a Writer/Reader

I thought the Spring issue was well balanced, fascinating, excellently crafted. A large variety was offered.

I'm not quite sure I find the "certification" discussion very meaningful. Too much slavery in the sleep zones; liberation is the work of importance.

Jeff Lewis, Minong, WI



More ➔

We invite your RESPONSES!
Address to Letters % DN 1337
Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22,
Moab, UT 84532

More Responses . . .

In Response to Wiseman's Comments . . .

In the dialogue between Anne Sayre Wiseman and Will Phillips (*Dream Network* Vol. 12 No. 1), Ms. Wiseman attacks an "... approach which a lot of people are latching onto". She is referring to the "If it were my dream" approach, suggests this approach is a 'parlor game' and labels it as unsafe, destructive and unethical. I wonder why, if she is so wrought up about it and so vituperative in her attack, she doesn't name the culprit behind it.

I certainly incorporate the technique of having the group members share among themselves, after hearing the dream, the feelings and metaphorical meanings evoked by the imagery. These are offered to each other with the dreamer free to accept or reject whatever the group comes up with. In my approach, this is the beginning phase of a much more complex process. If, indeed, she has reference to my approach then — in not truly understanding the many ways this technique has proven helpful to the dreamer and, in separating it out from the subsequent strategies employed by the group — she has set up an easy target to which she can attach her generous supply of epithets.

My process has been "latched onto by a lot of people" because of the respect it has for the dreamer's dream and for the authority the dreamer has over his or her own dream. I don't know for sure that her diatribe is directed at the process I work with but if it is, I wonder what opportunity she has had to master the process. I'm aware of only one occasion when Ms. Wiseman was in one of my groups and that was a demonstration workshop with over thirty people participating at an ASD meeting. If she is genuinely interested in the merits of the process, there are better ways of forming a judgment about it. And if she really had me in mind, why not say so?

Montague Ullman, M.D., Ardsley, NY

Respect for Ullman's Experiential Dream Group Process

I was dismayed to read in a dialogue in Vol. 12 No. 1, Anne Sayre Wiseman's denigration of an approach to dream work in which group members imagine the dream as their own, calling it a "parlor game." I assume this was a

reference to Dr. Montague Ullman's approach which, early in his carefully crafted group process, does include a stage in which group members play with the dream as if it were their own. Labeling the whole approach "If it were my dream" ignores the full process of which that stage is only one part. The full process is far more complicated and sophisticated than Ms. Wiseman seems to understand or at least to portray. And to call it unethical is to thoroughly misunderstand the safeguards, the sensitivity of the process and the responsibility required of the participants. It is, further, to ignore the freedom of the dreamer to control how far he or she wants to go and how much to reveal.

As a result of hearing about Dr. Ullman's dream work while I was still in graduate school, I attended one of his workshops at an AAP conference. I volunteered to share a dream in the large group. A risky thing to do! Dr. Ullman made me feel safe by guiding the group so they did not impose their theories or interpretations on me but, rather, gave me material to play with. I felt safe, also, in talking about the previous day's and other residue and responding honestly to the open-ended, non-directive questions of the group in the stages in the sections following that in which the group members adopted the dream as their own. Because of that work, I got in touch with an inner conflict that had not yet surfaced consciously. Far from distracting me from the direction of the dream, the process put me in touch with it in a way that I could not have gotten to alone.

After receiving my M.S.W., I began taking Dr. Ullman's workshops and participated in a weekly dream group. In doing so, I reached some profound insights and was able to reconcile crucial aspects of my history.

As for the stage of the process called "If it were my dream," those empathic and imaginative projections begin to open the dream to the dreamer. They free him or her to journey deeper into the imagery and, later, in subsequent parts of the process, to discover its connection with his or her current and historical life.

I am curious to know on what basis Ms. Wiseman jumped to her conclusions, because they surely have little to do with the reality, care and richness of the process.

Diana List Cullen, M.S.W., NY, NY

Life-Long Interest in Dreams; New to the Dream Network

I am new to writing and was excited to see that there is a journal on my favorite subject: dreams.

In 1951, when I was just learning to read, I'd sneak down to my grandmother's basement and learned to use the index to find material on dreams in my cousin's college psychology books. At age eight, I found the subject so mysterious that I worried that Grandma might think I was reading material not fit for a child and she would remove the information I was looking for. The life-long interest continued and I'd wake up in the night and scrawl my dreams and type them up at the end of the week. Later, I learned to use a tape recorder and transcribe the dream material at the end of the week — quite often I'd dictate a dream I had no conscious memory of having. I started this at age sixteen and at age forty nine I'm still searching for the answers to my dreams. Maybe my time is coming . . .

Susan Moore, Salinas, CA

Spiritual Dimension of Dreaming, Important!

Thank you so much for the *Dream Network* and my compliments for producing such a significant contribution to the movement to "awaken" humanity.

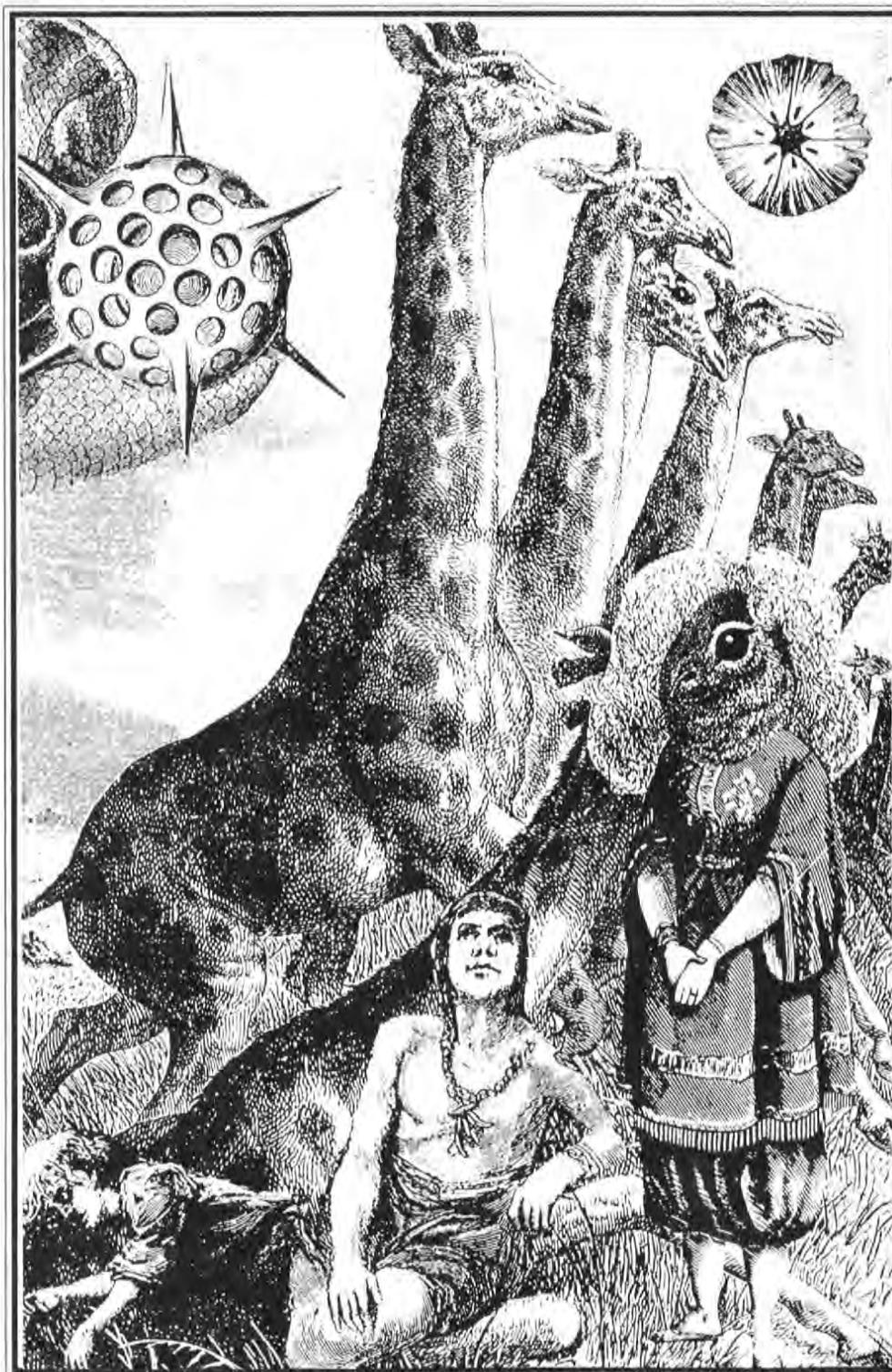
Keep up the good work and allow yourself to be guided to integrating the spiritual perspectives of dreaming into DN. The evolving soul seeks to bypass the finite human mind that depends on strict logic for understanding. While it is that our "degrees" of education are to be honored, they tell nothing about the evolution of the soul behind the worldly personality.

The traditional psychological approaches are good tools for healing and integration of parts of the self. As this work is done, the next step is getting beyond individualized units of consciousness of the self separate from the One.

Your reader responses come from a wide variety of souls at various stages of their evolution and awakening. This issue, (*DN*, Vol. 11 No. 4) has something for everyone; not an easy task to accomplish! Thanks again for a job well done.

Aurria, St. George, UT

In Response to the Questions:



Artwork by Michael Shores

*More Creatures: What messages do Insects, Birds, Fish bring in our dreams?
What has their appearance/action symbolized to you?*



Artwork by Chris Grassano

~ ~ Heron Sunrise ~ ~

by Paco Mitchell

The heron sunrise belongs to a maze-like series of dreams, events and insights pointing toward a re-unified world of soul, body and spirit. It is both a dream and waking event. First the dream, then the event.

My wife and I are driving across a tidal flat. It is low tide. There are gulls and such working the sea-bed for their breakfast. I immediately begin scanning for herons, which I am wont to do in reality. I quickly spot two herons, a relatively unusual occurrence, since the local herons are largely solitary in their routines. As I watch one heron, I see it pick up a small crab and gulp it down. This surprises me and I remark in the dream that I didn't know herons could eat crabs!(Dream ends.)

I wake up with the dream. It is 5:30 AM and the sun is not up yet. I decide to drive to the waterfront and write down this and some other dreams at a local café. There I can watch the waterbirds and witness the sunrise, a ritual of sorts at the time.

The morning is cold and clear. A few stars still glimmer in the west and a dim turquoise glow seeps from the eastern horizon toward the mid-heaven, turquoise and a faint peach giving way to pink. The water is glassy calm. It is low tide. Somehow I know I am going to see a heron this morning, even though it has been two months since I last spotted one. I drive down Water Street toward the restaurant where I usually watch the sunrise and record my dreams. As soon as the Tooth Beach is visible I begin scanning for herons. I spot one! I knew it! There it is! I turn off the ignition of my truck, the *Red Gorilla*, and coast into the parking lot. I don't want to startle the heron with the rumbling of an old 360 V-8. I get out, gently latch the door and walk quietly into the restaurant where I find a strategic table and begin to write. Periodically I fix the heron in my vision, letting its image burn into my retina to maximize the visual input signals, cramming my brain with megabytes of heron memory. Hell, let's fill up the whole cranial hard drive with herons: 40 megabytes—80—100! Whatever it takes to make that baby come to life in my brain!

As I write, images and words burn their way into my consciousness, dream and reality now fused into a seamless whole. Meanwhile, behind the mountains, the sun edges his way into the jagged tectonic teeth of the continent, the promise of his imminent revelation a gaudy splash of color, an extravagant proclamation of the prodigious advance of day.

Finished with my writing I am torn between the heron and the sunrise, watching first one, then the other. Both images burn into the same sector of my brain. Before I realize what is happening, the Great Blue Heron, having meandered, preened and speared his way down the beach in the infinity of patience that only herons know, stands at the water's edge in a direct line between me and the disk of the rising sun.

The Great and Holy Moment has arrived!

After the long journey through night, the sun finally returns as the blazing disk appears ... precisely .. now! At this moment, at this exact moment of sunrise, time stops. Everything happens at once and there is no time in that altogether-ness of events. The initial rays of the advancing sun streak across the dark and glistening waters, a galleonful of gold doubloons strewn across the undulating bay. In one leap the rays envelop the shadowed body of the heron and reach my open and waiting eye. The heron coils its neck and in a slow and ecstatic gesture of grace and my salvation, shakes the water off its beak, scattering more doubloons into the air, spilling flakes of the quivering sun into the waters at its holy feet.

I dissolve. I disappear. I am no longer sitting in a restaurant in Port Townsend but am borne aloft on a wave of emotion, and I hear myself pronouncing the word "Egypt!" I may as well be a particle of air or water, a molecule in the breath of a sacred heron of the Nile. If there is any such thing as timelessness, this is it. This is how it feels when the limits of normal time are suspended and the eternal supervenes, displacing the natural order of waking reality, substituting its own categories of truth.

I sit with the experience for a few moments, flushed, aware that something extremely important has just happened. I write down what I can of the event while the heron continues its meandering. The sun climbs further up his ladder. The waitress refills my cup. How can I tell her: "But I don't need the coffee, don't you see? My cup runneth over!"

As if all this weren't enough, the heron at one point seizes a crab and gulps it down, as in the dream, and soon thereafter a second heron arrives to complete the dream configuration. This stunning coincidence of dream and reality is too much for me to comprehend in the moment. Surely it will be an occasion for reflection for many years. I pay the check and leave.

I emerge from the restaurant grateful and dazed, and climb to the top of a small hill overlooking the water. The herons have moved to the far end of the beach. They take off and fly southward over the water. Suddenly, about three hundred yards out, one of them turns around and flies directly toward me, landing at the foot of the hill on which I sit. Is this heron trying to tell me something? Is this the heron of my dream? What is going on here anyway? I am electrified. My entire body feels like an enormous eye, all of me an eye and for the heron alone! The bird stands and preens. Some rowdy gulls, bored and looking for trouble, angle overhead and dive at the heron. The heron dodges and fends them off with its beak. Finally the gulls lose interest and leave. The heron resumes his preening, then leaps into the air and wings his way across the water, disappearing like a heartbeat into the distance.

The moment of sunrise ... 3:15 ... The moment of awakening...The awakening to inner vision, to the destiny in dreams...The heron at sunrise, the slow dawning in me, the gradual illumination, that all these things, these dreams and occurrences, are related in some mysterious way. The profound truth of Jung's quote comes back to me: "What happens to a person is characteristic of him. He represents a pattern and all the pieces fit. One by one, as his life proceeds, they fall into place according to some predestined design."

Some predestined design! And all the pieces fit. ✧



My Lord Who Humms:

Revisioning the Insect/Human Connection

by Joanne Hobbs

The human/insect relation in dreams needs work. And as you might suspect, it's not the insects that need to change. In a recent book on the healing power of dreams, the author writes that insects dreams are almost always unpleasant. If you consider that in our society, most waking experiences with insects are also unpleasant, the statement shouldn't surprise us. Our dreams reflect the revulsion and fear that dominates our daylight thoughts and behavior toward insects. We run from them, or attack and try to eradicate them so our dream egos can feel relief and wake up ready to take on the self-imposed tasks of a culture that views the natural world as its adversary.

Although insects literally surround us, few people enter their world with true empathy. In North America entomologists have counted some 82,500 species of insects and labeled 10,000 species enemies because they have an appetite or appearance that we don't like or they cost us money, or disturb us.

The ancients, acknowledging the invisible forces behind forms, believed that all creatures had value and operated in both spiritual and physical worlds. They paid special attention to the creepy crawlers because they felt that the simply-constituted life forms responded most readily to the creative impulses of the divine.



Photo of fly on finger by Joanne Hobbs

"Once I dreamed I was an insect talking to insects and telling them I dreamed I was human."

Thomas Eisner, entomologist & father of chemical ecology.

Their personal and collective myths endowed each species with a unique power of its own, a power that manifested itself through the living form of the individual creature. The stories reminded them of the sacredness of the species and that in the spiritual world, the power of an ant and the power of a wolf are equal. Respect and courtesy governed every encounter, regardless of size or appearance.

Our contemporary myths of kinship and community do not include insects. We have problems with non-humans who bear no resemblance to us and move with a blatant disregard for our human-centered objectives. In subtle and obvious ways, we are encouraged to project our negative qualities and unexamined power issues into insects and then react to these self-created images. Companies invested in killing insects play on our fears of disease and death. And popular films and stories typically portray insects as human-size with a desire to eat us and take over the world. Without bringing our awareness to those kinds of manipulations and the underlying beliefs that support them, we are properly horrified and feel justly repulsed by insects.

The movement away from insecticides to organic pest control did little for the persecuted insect. We still wanted them dead, we just didn't want to poison ourselves, or animals and birds that we liked, in the process. We reveal our aggressive attitude and fear in every report where insects and humans interface, calling them pests, threats, and robotic killers. And when we view insects through this lens, we are hopelessly caught between opposites: either we kill the bugs, or we are defeated by them.

An adversarial stance toward any species prohibits other kinds of experiences from happening.

We have forgotten our connection to the living world and the absolute necessity of honoring every presence on earth. Information on the need to preserve biological diversity is not enough. We need new stories that take scientific observations into a sacred context that celebrates once more each species' special way of living on the earth. Without this revisioning of our connection, we view our dream insects from a barren, one-dimensional perspective and take our cues from the dream ego, confusing messenger with message.

What happens to our dreams if we set aside our fears and enter the world of insects with a sincere desire to understand their viewpoint? What happens to our dream interpretations if we view creepy crawlers as divine messengers and soul-carriers that will point out areas that need our attention? And what happens to our personal symbology if we take the time to learn something about the actual insect that comes for us in our dreams?

In stories of indigenous people, certain insects appeared regularly as representative of the entire species. In a land rich with animal and insect life, the Bushmen chose the praying mantis as the primary representative of God. As oracle and spirit, Mantis reflected the creative impulse of the universe. In other parts of Africa native people cherished crickets and believed their songs had magic powers. In still other traditions the honey bee was associated with generative power and in the Far East the bee was thought to impart eloquence to a favored child.

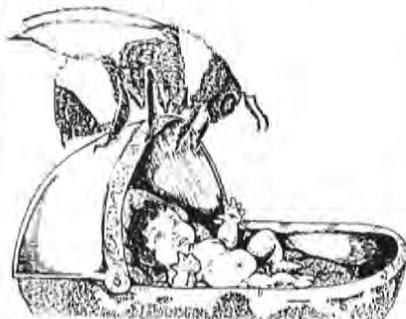


Illustration by Tim Neusom

In the Far East, bees were thought to impart eloquence to a favored child.

If a Bushman dreamed of a praying mantis, imagine how it might have appeared and how his dream ego would have responded. In the same manner consider what a cricket in a dream might convey to the African dreamer who listens intently to their song in his daylight journeys, hoping to be blessed by its magic.

Contemporary stories of communication and communion between insects and people are few. But each one we uncover opens the door to another way of being in relationship to the insect kingdom. Geoff Alison, blind from infancy, has always had a sense of connection with insects. In his late teens a friend gave him four Giant Madagascar hissing cockroaches. In time he got to know them as individuals with distinct temperaments. He discovered that they formed friendships outside the mating bond, and passed the responsibilities of leadership from elder male to younger male in an orderly communication that lasted several days. He also learned that they die in a euphoric state that involves a gradual disengagement with the world.

Would Alison's dream about cockroaches send him running for cover, repulsed and horrified by their otherworldly appearance?

What about others whose affinity for insects put them outside common opinion and condemnation? Consider Eisner, a distinguished entomologist from Cornell University. His special sensitivity to insects, what geneticist Barbara McClintock would call a "feeling for the organism," has extended his vision and led to hundreds of discoveries. When he studied the ornate moth, he became so attuned to it, he dreamed he was one. In another dream he was an ant talking to other ants, in Spanish (their mother tongue?!).

How might insects appear in the dreams of Vladimir Nabokov who says the sight of a swallowtail butterfly at the age of six set him on his life course or the dreams of insect's Homer, entomologist J. Henri Fabre. Fabre studied live insects and in his long career completed ten large volumes on insects. At the end of the third volume he wrote, "Dear Insects, my study of you has sustained me in my heaviest trials."

Indigenous people understood that sometimes knowledge was passed from insect to man through an act of destruction like biting or stinging. In Eskimo traditions Mosquito comes for a shaman-initiate, imparting knowledge to him by biting him on the neck, lower back, and back of the knee. And mosquitoes encircled and bit a Blackfoot warrior in a dream until, close to death, he was given a song and instructions to form the Blackfoot Mosquito society.

In our culture we have lost the transformative context that redeems painful encounters with other species. Experiences that leave the ego sober, humble, and reminded of death are nightmares to be avoided. Transformation is unpleasant. We want renewal without fear or pain and resurrection without death. We want to be imbued with knowledge of soulful matters without being bitten or stung. We run from the mosquito, cursing it for its perceived blood lust. And yet what might a mosquito bring to an Eskimo shaman or a Blackfoot warrior and member of the Mosquito society?

For many, flies carry our fear of disease, our loathing for dirt and feces and our irritation. Once a sacred mentor to humans, today stores stock fly swatters in decorator colors. And movies like "The Fly" and its sequel join human body with fly body in an attempt to horrify us.



In the popular movie "The Fly" and its sequel, a fly body is joined with a human body in an attempt to horrify us.

In ancient Egypt the housefly symbolized bravery and officers gave gold flies to their soldiers for heroic acts. To the Navajo people Big Fly was a mentor and the voice of the Holy Spirit frequently landing on the ear of a person who needed instruction. In other traditions, flies were believed to be the souls of departed ones in search of rebirth. The Philistine God Baalzebub, ridiculed as the demonic Lord of the Flies, was a healer, psychopomp and oracular deity. Since Baal meant Lord, and zebub referred to a fly's buzzing or humming, the fly deity name Baalzebub really translates into "My Lord Who Hums or Murmurs."

We have lost the ability to hear the *Lord Who Hums*. And we have few contemporary stories to offset the current consensus on flies. In his classic book on interspecies communication *Kinship With All Life*, J. Allen Boone wrote about his relationship with a common housefly he named Freddie. Boone believed that everything that lives has something of value to share with you, whenever you are ready for the experience. His experiences with other species prepared him for his relationship with a fly. Before Freddie, he didn't like anything about flies. And with echo-like precision, his thoughts dictated his experience. He expected flies to be unfriendly and they were. He expected them to annoy him and

they did. He expected to be bitten and he was. When he changed his attitude about flies, he was never bothered again, even in fly-infested jungles. It is not an unreasonable leap to imagine that Boone's dreams about flies would reflect his genuine regard for Freddie and all life.

Animal consultant and interspecies communicator Penelope Smith approaches insects as intelligent beings capable of communication with humans. She listens to their reasons for doing what they do, imaginatively assuming their viewpoint to make the initial contact. She helps them to meet their needs and when she makes a request, she gets immediate cooperation. According to Smith, the most important element in establishing good relations with any insect is attitude. If your approach implies a threat, you will meet resistance.

Michaëlle Wright says insects function as the news bulletin of the natural world. Wright communicates with the overlighting presence of each plant and animal species at Perelandra, her garden community in Virginia. Over the years Wright has learned that the number of insects present reflect overall conditions in the garden and in the emotional climate of the gardener or the community in which the garden is located. She advises people to focus on the gift each insect offers to other members of the garden instead on what they attack, damage, or destroy.

In the natural world and in our dreams, large numbers of insects typically upset us pointing out what is out of balance or dead. A recovering alcoholic remembers one of her childhood dreams:

I am in a house with my parents. We discover insects all over the place, covering the floor and walls. I feel repulsed and tell my parents that they have to call an exterminator. They tell me not to worry; the bugs will go away sooner or later. They want me to fix them a cocktail.

Unpleasant? Yes. But if we leave the dream ego's reaction and stay with the image of insects covering the floor and walls, we might wonder what the insects, by their sheer numbers and presence inside the house, were covering up. Why do the parents ignore the situation and focus their intention on getting a drink?

Another woman in her late twenties dreamed:

I was working at a desk with others in a big, old-fashioned house. I had a little girl and I had to give her away. She came back and we had a joyful reunion. There were lice-type black bugs swarming in her braided hair. 'If only you knew what they were before, you wouldn't have sent me away,' says the little girl. I take the bugs out of her hair and swear to her that I am going to get her back. We are both crying. Her head is all red with open sores from where the bugs were fastened to her scalp. I assure her that it is going to be all right.

If we look at the lice-type bugs as soul-carriers and helpers, the interpretation moves down a very different path than if we view their presence as hostile and invasive. Why are the bugs in her hair and on her scalp? Do they cause the open sores or do they cover them? Are the sores open because they open her to something? If not the bugs, what caused the head sores and are they sore as in angry or sore as in hurt?

The questions open the door to an exploration of the dream and its message precluded by viewing the bugs as the problem. An interesting sidelight to this image of dream lice is a story in the Navajo traditions of why humans have body and head lice. Apparently in the time when things were still being created, Monsterslayer threatened to kill Louse. Louse pleads with him to let him live. Monsterslayer wants to know why

he should. Louse explains that if he is killed, humans will be lonesome and will not have anyone to keep them company. So Monsterslayer relents and lets him live. Maybe the lice came because the little girl was lonely.

**"So follow the insects,
go into the diseased or
afflicted body part.
When something is not
functioning right, bless the
insects for making you
aware of it, sensitizing you
to it so it can speak to you.
Without the affliction we
remain unconscious of
how that part of the
body functions and what
it needs to communicate."**

The same dream authority who described most insect dreams as unpleasant says diseases sometimes take the form of insects in our dreams. In an essay on animals in dreams James Hillman maintains diseases and afflictions are a divine process through which the gods reach us. In this view insects become divine instruments that help provide the pathological experience that leads us to a sense of soul. It's not the kind of peak experience we strive for that heightens our awareness, but it does rivet our attention and sensitizes us to the movement of the psyche.

So follow the insects, go into the diseased or afflicted body part. When something is not functioning right, bless the insects for making you aware of it, sensitizing you to it so it can speak to you. Without the affliction we remain unconscious of

how that part of the body functions and what it needs to communicate.

We need to revision our connection with insects; allow them a presence in our waking and dreaming worlds. A change of consciousness can begin in dreams when the dream ego can let the insects approach or the mosquito pierce their skin. By bringing awareness to the ways in which our society encourages us to fear insects, we can reseed our imagination with interesting facts about the insects in our local landscape.

A trip to an insect zoo to look at the insect species that has our attention would serve us better than looking at most dream symbol books. Children's books at the library combine scientific facts with bits of ancient lore and give a quick and easy to look at creepy crawlers. Draw the insect or find a picture of it to put on your mirror or refrigerator, leave food for it outside as an offering, and open to it in dreaming before you sleep.

Rumi says,

**"You should try to
hear the name the
Holy One has for
things. We name
everything according
to the number of legs
it has; the other One
names it according to
what it has inside."**

Each of us can undertake with heartfelt intent the journey to the bug-infested world that surrounds us, participating in their powers and sensing into the larger patterns of communion and communication that sustain all life streams. They come to serve the earth, informing, arousing, and teaching those of us who are open.

Listen for their names. ✧

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The Wisdom of Strange Cats & Other Beasts

by © Rhianon Haniman

A large number of people are trying to climb a steep, sheer cliff. It is very difficult. As they try to get foot and hand holds, the rock crumbles and they fall down. No one is hurt, however, they just get up and try again. I am one of them and am having just as hard a time as everyone else.

The whole enterprise is hard and seems hopeless.

Then I see a cat on a ledge above me. It's an extraordinary looking animal—purple and twice the size of a normal cat. It has two shades of purple stripe, not normal cat stripes but thick bands of color. Stripes as a child might paint them. It is quite aware that it looks funny and is very pleased with this. It has a Cheshire smile and wise eyes. It looks at me with love and great understanding and I get the message that if I follow it I will find a way up the cliff. So I do and I get to the top with no further difficulty.

This same cat appeared again in a dream a few months later. On this occasion, however, it was a long-haired, fire engine red. Although a different color, it was obviously the same creature with the same wise, loving and humorous quality. It felt good to be around it.

I had these dreams nearly thirty years ago, yet they are still very vividly with me and when I think of important dreams I think of these. So when I was asked to write this article it seemed like a good starting point and I trust that my extraordinary cat will guide me to whatever needs to follow.

After both of these dreams I awoke feeling joyful and with a strong sense of purpose in my life. I had the feeling that my life was an adventure the quality of which was very like the character of the Cat: odd, eccentric, humorous and at the same time, very exciting and profound.

What I liked best about this animal was that it clearly set out to amuse. Nevertheless I knew that I was in the presence of something immensely powerful. I experienced such a sense of safety as though I was held by something so strong and loving that I could trust it completely. One question that comes to mind is why would such a powerful spiritual being assume such an odd appearance rather than something more grandiose and in keeping with its true nature. If I were to ask it what would it say?



Artwork by Chris Grassano

Rhiannon: Why have you appeared in such a ridiculous guise when you are clearly a spiritual being of a very high order?

Cat: Don't you like it?

Rhiannon: I love it. But I'm curious.

Cat: There are precedents you know. Princes disguised as frogs, queens as milkmaids, prophets as the scum of the earth, God as cats..... But seriously I have a purpose here. I could appear as a wise old man or woman or something similarly grand. And I do that when it's called for. But on a strictly practical level, cats are better at scaling cliffs than wise old men or women. As for the weird coloring, I kind of liked it and I wanted to let you know that I was something out of the ordinary and, to make you laugh. Your joy is delightful to me. But more to the point, it was to show you where your strength and wisdom lie.

Rhiannon: I don't understand.

Cat: Humans are strange and sad because they have forgotten some important things. You live in your heads and to some extent your hearts but the rest of you is closed off. Your bodies, your instincts, intuition, that sort of thing. You have learned to despise these things but they will guide you more truly than all your complex thoughts and emotions. Did you know that your left elbow can give you more information about a situation than any of your thought processes?

Rhiannon: Go on.

Cat: Have you ever been in company where everyone is very friendly and pleasant conversation is taking place and it's very interesting and you feel you are among friends but your stomach is in turmoil or your neck hurts?

Rhiannon: Many times.

Cat: Which of these perceptions do you believe?

Rhiannon: It depends.

Cat: Which usually turns out to be true?

Rhiannon: The body feelings.

Cat: And the images that come with them?

Rhiannon: Yes.

Cat: I rest my case. But seriously, concentrate on your left elbow or some other part of your body and look at what images come up. I think you'll be surprised. There I've introduced you to a sure-fire, accurate means of perception. Don't thank me, you may find that you learn more than you wanted to know. And don't forget the animals. They are important. You need them more than you know. I don't feel like talking any more now. Goodbye.

How very cat-like to end so abruptly and leave me with so many unanswered questions. It will be back, I am sure.

One of Carl G. Jung's dream theories states that animals symbolize the natural instincts which operate through extra-rational means. Nevertheless they are grounded in something very real—Nature. Unlike thoughts and feelings, instincts are unambivalent and undivided. Concerned with survival, there is only one side that they are always on—your side. And, like my cat guide, they can be absolutely trusted. The problem for most of us is getting in touch with them. Our culture does not value instinct and most of us have been educated out of recognizing them when they speak to us.

If animals are an analog of our natural instincts, it is instructive though depressing, to look at what we have done to them—killed for sport, tortured for profit or knowledge, exterminated for expediency. Dreams of animals being killed, starved or tortured are common; a testimony that the violence we, collectively have done to nature is a reflection of the violence we have done to ourselves; the result of a spiritual distortion that has separated us from nature and consequently from a living part of ourselves.

Native American and other cultures have to some extent retained their connection to nature and through rituals such as the vision quest seek to make contact with a spirit guide or ally in animal form. Our culture does not have such rituals so we must create them for ourselves and increasing numbers of people are doing just that. But the road that has always been open to that place of wisdom is the dream and the more we pay attention to our dreams the more our unconscious responds with ever more vivid and elaborate imagery.

If an animal speaks to us in a dream we do well to listen. Nor does it have to be a fabulous creature to be a valid guide. Another dream I had involving a cat was as follows:

I am in a busy city street. I have a destination although I am not sure what it is. Ahead of me I see my cat, Penelope. (This was a real animal.) She is frightened and confused by all the traffic. I want to catch her in order to protect her but she runs away from me. She goes up an alley and I follow. The alley becomes a steep path. I am afraid that I have been taken off course. Eventually I come to a place where people are registering for a course. I see a friend of mine there and go and talk with him. I realize that this is where I wanted to get to all along.

(Continued on page 34)

Dolphins

"Movement is the Key to Interspecies Communication"

by Rosemary Watts



Artwork by Marianne Faye

Communicating with the Dolphins

I am on a boat in the ocean. I look down and there is a whole school of dolphins swimming, dancing and playing about. One dolphin singles me out and looks up into my eyes. I am fascinated and thrilled to be the object of its focus. The dolphin begins to communicate with me, telepathically I believe, because I know that no words are exchanged but we understand one another perfectly.

The dolphin explains that movement is the key to interspecies communication.

Scientists are going about this communication a bit awkwardly by using sound but what is sound anyway, except movement? If we could learn to dance and move, like using sign language, then we could learn to communicate with all species. With this understanding, I leap into the water and begin to dance and use sign language with my dolphin friend. I am filled with incredible joy and feel so light!

I know this unconditional love is being shared by the dolphin." (12/25/89)

I wake up full of insight and understanding. Then I remember that it is Christmas morning and I am filled with excitement!

After having this dream, I continued to explore how this dolphin energy might speak to my life about current circumstances, relationships and self-esteem issues. Every time I worked with the dream, I seemed to integrate the energy from the dream into whatever area I focused on. Yet somehow, the dream also seemed to be speaking on behalf of the dolphins, affirming that the dream's message shared a valid way of interspecies communication.

The following summer, I attended summer school in Virginia Beach and at one point I met with one of my faculty advisors. In the course of our discussion, he told me that he had been on faculty at the University of Hawaii and had been doing research with dolphins over a period of five years. I shared my dream with him. He was quite excited by it because that is exactly the type of work on communication with the dolphins that he had been doing. He then gave me a paper he had previously written on this study and told me that his former team partners were always looking for dancers and/or those who used sign language to continue the work and he explained that they were using a modified form of sign and large dance-type movements to communicate with the dolphins. This revelation was extremely important and affirmed the message from my dream.

A year later, I had another related dream.

Dolphin Swim

"I am called in at the last minute to perform a lead role in a show. The cast is assembled in a large rehearsal hall. I am working on a scene and call out for a 'line.' (I'm trying to do this from memory but need help from the prompter.) No one is there 'on book.' I am amazed that they expect my lines to be perfect on my first day of rehearsal but I fake it anyway.

They scramble to get someone 'on book' but I feel confident to go on without them.

Now, we are all in a large swimming pool, including my husband, Joe. The entire cast is here as well. We are all playing and joking around. A dolphin comes up behind me and nudges me. WOW!! Everyone says it is obvious the dolphin wants to play. He does flips and comes right up to my face, chattering and laughing. I grab hold of his fin and he pulls me out to the ocean to play. I realize that the pool has opened up on the deep end to the ocean. It is an incredibly magical, wonderful experience and I am delighted to be the focus of the dolphins' attention." (8/13/91)

A few days after having this dream, I attended two courses on dream work taught by Dr. Stephen Aizenstat at the Pacifica Graduate Institute. Since this dream was recent and held such an emotional impact, I wanted to work on it in whatever way we would be exploring during this seminar.

The method Dr. Aizenstat shared is called 'hosting' the dream, inviting the dream image to speak on its own behalf. Animals in dreams are very important. They bring in the sense of the divine. There is something essentially familiar, yet alien about their energy. Their

presence denotes instinctual forces at work. Animals in dreams act as guides, messengers and as aids to creativity. They also bring a sense of friendly and helpful energy. There is a great sense of power in animals and this power is shared in the dreamscape. In addition to their gifts to the dreamer, animals are present on behalf of themselves. They exist in the dreamscape in us and in themselves. "Hosting" dream animals is very important and powerful.

I worked on the dream with my "kiva" or small dream group. During the process of working on it, I shared the dream itself, drew out the dream images with colored markers and then allowed the group to give me insights. We all "hosted" the dream and allowed the dolphin to be present, expressing itself on its own behalf.

For my own life, the dream spoke to me on many different levels. On one level, the dolphin seemed to be reminding me that I love to act for the sheer joy of it. If I can "grab onto" the dolphin energy of laughter, then I will be carried out into deeper oceans of happiness and emotional depth, which will only heighten my talents. This message directly related to my waking-life attitude about my acting career. It also seemed to relate to my dream counseling and teaching. It occurred to me that I should always draw upon the playful energy when working with my dreams. In teaching, the "performance" was not as important as sharing how delightful dreams can be. If I could allow this dolphin energy to bubble up in me, then my students would naturally get excited about working with their dreams.

During the "hosting" process, the dolphin spoke directly about the plight of all dolphins. We became aware of how many dolphins are needlessly killed in fishing expeditions and how many have been captured for scientific "study" or for amusement. Then the dolphin seemed to stop this train of thought and explained that all dolphins act from their own free will. Even if they seem "victimized" they are actually willingly participating, affecting the humans with whom they have contact. Their energy is permeating the whole weave of energy on the planet.

I realized then the same could be true for me. I, too, can continue on my path, accomplishing my goals, not allowing outside circumstances to break my inner spirit. I can let my joy shine through in all areas, just like my dolphin friends. Their energy is lighthearted and infectious.

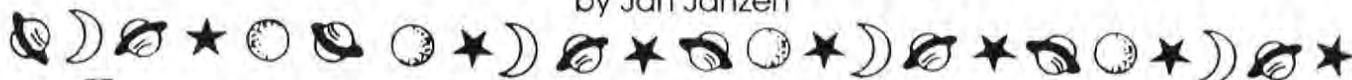
Synchronistic events surrounding each dream I have about dolphins continue to help me integrate this dolphin energy more and more into every area of my life. I know that dolphins affect many people and I am proud that my dream dolphins have chosen me to share their magic with others. ✧

Rosemary has been actively studying dream analysis since 1980. She has worked extensively with Jungian dream analysts. As an actress and dream worker, Rosemary teaches how to use dreams to heighten creativity. She conducts special workshops for actors, performers and other artists. She also has Mail-In Dream Analysis and telephone consultations available. Address correspondence to 2126 Oak Drive, St. Louis, MO 6313 or Phone (314) 432-7909.

Explorations

Into The Nightland: Tibetan Dream Yoga

by Jan Janzen



Lucid dreaming is the phenomenon of realizing one is dreaming while asleep and proceeding through the dream in this "heightened" state of consciousness. One's body is asleep while the mind is awake. This phenomenon is well documented and happens in varying degrees to many people. However, there is another kind of lucid dreaming not so well known or widely experienced that I would like to tell you about.

I first read about Tibetan "dream yoga" several years ago and at that time, I was fascinated, albeit daunted, by the concept of retaining one's waking consciousness throughout the entire night of sleep. To some yogis, this is but one part of their development to realize the many aspects of illusion and how these aspects are all born of the "Clear Light." Another function this practice has is that by learning to retain their full awareness through sleep, they are preparing to retain their full awareness during and after death of the body, thereby avoiding unconscious rebirth and other possible pitfalls. As time went by and I experienced more in life, both awake and asleep, I became less daunted and more intrigued with these ideas.

I began my explorations of the Nightland at the front door, as it were, in the immediate blackness when I first closed my eyes. I noticed how my thoughts proceeded from what had happened through the day and to what I expected tomorrow to bring. Then other

thoughts I had been carrying with me, current cares, worries, etc. were mulled over until finally I would drift unaware into sleep. As I worked at holding onto my awareness, I noticed that around the time the "drifting" took place, two-dimensional images were appearing out of the darkness. (This is the beginning of the hypnagogic state.) I found that my attention would be attracted and caught by an image just before I fell asleep. Indeed, I found that the two-dimensional image would blossom into three dimensions, becoming part of a three-dimensional scene which I would merge with, become enmeshed in; dreaming, unconsciously. I realized a key was to not become involved in any way with the images before me. This becomes more difficult, because after a time of two-dimensional imagery, the flattened space behind the closed eyelids opens out into full three-dimensional scenery, complete with moving figures, later sounds, and an incredible variety of potential attractions to capture the attention (and therefore the wakeful awareness) of the would-be explorer. This brings us to the Door. The Door is a major juncture in the pathway through the Nightland.

I was experimenting with myself and friends sleeping over to see how far we could travel into dreams and still be able to communicate with each other, as an aid to our focus and to share the interesting imagery. We would lay in separate beds in the darkness,

occasionally taking turns to describe in a few words what we were seeing. When alone, I used a voice-activated tape recorder. I found that it is possible, with a little practice, to retain awareness through the two-dimensional imagery and into the three-dimensional, then invariably, at some point, the juncture I call the Door presents itself to the explorer. The Door is a three-dimensional image which appears as a door, doorway, hallway, stairs, path into a forest, or any number of openings and avenues that beckon. There is a practically irresistible urge to enter the Door for the person seeing it. All of this imagery, it must be remembered, is experienced at emotional levels as well as intellectually, so subtleties are involved that are not always perceived. As an explorer, you might see an open window from which you somehow know there is a beautiful view, if you would just go up to it and put your head out. An open drawer with all kinds of interesting things inside, go ahead, reach in! Warm and dry rubber boots on a cold rainy day. You get the idea. As soon as you pass through the Door, you are bound to lose waking awareness.

Actually, at this stage, the body is entering sleep, and this can be a fascinating side show in its own right, although a certain amount of detachment and extra focus is necessary for the mind to remain awake while witnessing the body shifting into sleep rhythms.

For a long time, I attempted to get past the Door without losing consciousness, with no success. I tried staying outside of the Door, I tried entering slowly, and one night I carefully entered a stairway going down, took three steps down and turned around to climb back up, but the stairs turned into a descending escalator! At a point like this, if I was quick enough I could just open my eyes and I wouldn't slip into unconsciousness, but I was having no success at carrying my wakefulness through the Door. After many interesting "failure," I was becoming frustrated, but more determined than ever, and it was this determination that was giving me the focus I needed.

One night, after months of effort, I had an experience that proved to me the reality of what I was seeking. That night, frustrated and ready to try anything, I lay down, closed my eyes, and began to repeat to myself: "I am awake, I am in the dream. I am awake, I am in the dream..." In less than five minutes, with no preliminary hypnagogic imagery, I "stepped" through the blackness into a dream! I suddenly found myself (or parts of myself, for I knew my body was lying in bed), in a full color, three-dimensional room in a house. I was very excited and joyful at my success! I began to look around. The room I was in was littered with a myriad of interesting, unusual objects. I knew I had to be careful, that any one of these things could pull my focus into the dreamscape, out of my waking state. I actually did begin to look at one object, but as I suspected, when I looked at it, it became even more interesting, so I pulled my eyes away in time. Well, I thought, what should I do? Here I am, where I've worked so hard to get, now what? Luckily, I had a plan. I and my love, Therese (who had been experiencing lucid dreams, and who was sleeping with me this night), had discussed what we would do next time we found

ourselves awake in a dream. We had decided to ask for a guide. And so, in my dream room in my dream house, I called out: "I need a guide! Can somebody help me?" It occurred to me that I should make my way to the top of the house. I passed through the room out into a hallway where there were stairs going up. I ascended the stairs to the next floor where there was an open window. I climbed out the window onto the roof and began to climb up to the peak when I looked up, and there at the peak of the roof, was a man, older than myself, sitting calmly. "What are you doing there?" I asked naively.

"Where did you expect me to be?" he answered. His voice, as loud and clear to me as if he were in the room where my body was lying, so surprised me that I opened my eyes. Now fully back in my bed, I realized that my body was not even completely asleep yet, and even though I was so excited with all that had happened, I again closed my eyes, repeating: "I am awake, I am in the dream..." To my utter amazement, I found myself back in the dream almost immediately! This time, however, things had changed. It was not going to be so easy—the room was much larger now, and if it was littered with objects before, now it was fairly crammed with them. I passed through the room and began a search for a way up. The stairs, so easy to climb before, were now transformed into a ladder that seemed to disappear into dizzying heights above me. I shied away to look for an easier route. From down the hallway, approaching me, smiling and naked, was Therese. Fantastic, I thought, maybe she's dreaming too, and we can experience this together!

"Therese!" I said. "We're dreaming! We're dreaming!" She did not respond except to come closer, still smiling and so beautiful. I thought, she's not lucid dreaming, but maybe we can still be in this

together. What can we do together in a dream? I remembered our sleeping bodies were lying in the same bed together and the logistics of the situation puzzled me. I withdrew my focus slightly from the dream world and felt her warmth in the bed beside me. Returning my focus to the dream, I again looked into her smiling face as we began to embrace. Make love, yes, but...? I again withdrew, felt her warmth, and again returned to the dream and this time was completely and utterly lost, my focus and awareness captured. I was asleep, and in the dream.

When I awoke the next morning, it was obvious to me where I had failed in the midst of this great success. Turning away from the ladder, from the prime objective, left my focus easy prey for a trap, especially one so delightfully presented. What I did not realize, however, was that the entire episode was a gift, a key to unlock the puzzle of the step-by-step process that must be accomplished each time a sojourn into the Nightland is attempted. Never again have I stepped directly into a dream, but with the clues given that night and others, and with much experimentation and further efforts, I have arrived at a workable system whereby I can enter the place where dreams come from, without losing waking awareness, and converse with my guide. And still the journey continues...

All of this contains a very practical lesson concerning the discipline required for maintaining one's direction in life: to remain centered and focused, vigilant and faithful. This is the prime objective.

I would very much like to correspond with anyone doing similar explorations. ☆



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The Dream & the Dreamer Are One

"Am I a man dreaming I am butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming I am a man?" —*Chuang Tzu 300 B.C.*

I.

Traveling through cities of the mind,
greeted by sites familiar and strange,
do not be ashamed to be lost,
or as lost as you were in the world
left behind when the lights dimmed.

Awake you recall incidents actual and imagined,
unable to distinguish between the two,
both worlds blend into one:
the lessons learned in one apply to the other.

Lost in a city that may be your home town,
or a place you visited once and never again,
does it matter if the trains are late?
Or if you took the wrong bus?

The image is unreal. Who can separate
the facts from the embellishments of memory.
Are you awake and dreaming, asleep and trying
to remember, or only asleep?

II

Looking back it's hard to tell
whether with eyes shut or open
the highlights of life occurred.

The sage dreamt he was a butterfly,
on waking he wondered whether he had awoke,
or remained asleep, remained a butterfly.
Was he a man dreaming he was an insect,
or an insect dreaming he was a man?

III

Between clouds and the white moon,
across winged fields of thought,
a rocket transcends the chains
of gravity to peek at the eternal
lightness of being. The zero weight
of the void. The silent black emptiness where
all things come together and fall apart.

Limbs move with the dream, the dream
fills the void, fills the man,
fills memory, eternity,
with the self-created fiction,
necessary, or not needed but accepted
to continue life, function, forgive, forget, be
a man or butterfly or both or
another, some distant animal
dreaming of a man, a butterfly,
the moon, a train, a poem,
a thought, a moment of forgetfulness.
Recall and be done with it.

by Joseph Farley

Web

If you receive the basket
handed you by the angel
called Dawn,
you will become a beam of the upward sun.

If you enter this cornucopia
of creation's multitude

divested of your ego's edges,
you will emerge
as apple or as orange.

Why not, with the taster's mouth,
be of the tasted fruit?

As the eagle flies,
so is the heart for flying.
The soul
for living its dreams

Why not, with the hunter's talon,
be of the hunted quarry?

And within the pathetic network
of all living beings,
be as one
with the spider's threads?

David Sparenburg

Heavy Load

What an impossible situation I find myself in,
night coming on, my horse gone.
How will I ever pull this heavy cart all the way home.
Without help it can't be done.
The incline I stand on will give me a start,
but after that it will be all uphill.
Hopeless task for a woman alone.
The cart is much too great a burden to be borne.
I can feel the dead weight already,
stopping me in my track.

by Loretta Anawalt

The Self-Sacrificing Lizard: A Young Man's Rite of Passage

by Suzanne Nadon
with dreams by Michael Cianci

*"The dreams of children give me hope
for the future of our species." S. Nadon*

In a recent issue of *Dream Network*, I lighted on an article about supporting children's dreams, and another about the role of dream workers in the educational system. I have been conducting my own little research project with my children's dreams. I listen and record and watch as they grow in wisdom and creativity, each day grateful that the spark of magical childhood is still alive. Michael is a golden boy, now almost 11 years old. He has proven to be a prolific dreamer, like his father and I. The content of his dreams continues to fill me with awe. The dreams I share are from a growing collection.

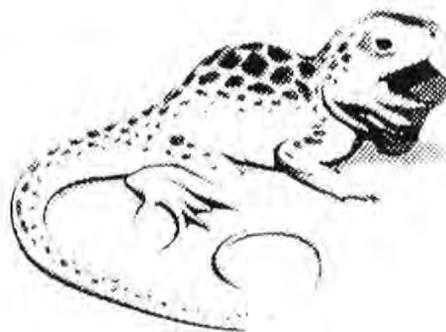
Though I have been a dream worker for nearly 10 years in one way or another, and heard thousands of dreams, it is the dreams of children which give me hope for the future of our species. While most of my clients are running away from their monsters, my children are facing them and befriending them. While most people celebrate their narrowly escaped dream deaths, my children are dying in dreams and being born out of their own ashes. Here are a few examples.

The first dream that I remember Michael sharing with us was about a dog so huge, it was larger than our house. He was a police dog, friendly to Michael who was not scared of him at all. The dog's purpose was to protect Michael. Michael was six when he had this dream, which seems to refer to his yet-latent ability to recognize his work in the world as a protector and defender. His job is bigger than life. In fact, his job is bigger than he is right now! Yet he is not afraid of his destiny.

We live on fifty acres of beautiful rural property in north-central Ontario. Our farm has a pond and several streams, valleys and a 35 acre forest which is often featured in Michael's dreams. This is a dream that he reported in 1990:

Our family was all beavers. We lived out in our pond. I was a dad and my sister Julia (7) and brother Jonathan (5) were my daughter and son. We went out to get some food. On the way, under the water, there were lots of creatures, plants and green sticks. We all got a stick and swam back underwater with the stick to eat. When I got back, my dad was teaching me to be a beaver dad. He said we should make plans for the winter, so I went out to a big patch of sticks under the water. I brought the longest one back and Julia and Jonathan went to another place to get sticks.

This dream speaks in part of the richness of our family's unconscious life. The support of spiritual nourishment and the abundance of the underwater life (dream life). It speaks of an appropriate mentorship relationship between father and son. It also speaks to a maturity and maleness (getting sticks) unusual in a child of his age, a maturity which he seems to see as a source of nourishment and an opportunity to serve his family, not a burden.



"I knew the baby would die if it didn't come out. Because of what the lizard had shown me, I knew that I had to run up to the top of the cliff and jump off to get the baby to come out of the dead woman. So that's what I did."

We follow many of the First Nations People's teachings in our family and when our children were born they each received an earth name, which my husband "stalked" in the spirit world. Michael was called Little Beaver. He has grown up learning respectfully about the beaver's ways. In this dream, he has become his totem, which is a common experience in the spiritual life of aboriginal people the world over, as part of their vision quest. Michael, like the beaver, is meticulous, unobtrusive and works diligently at things that he feels he is responsible for and committed to.

Last fall Michael reported this dream:

Daddy was playing with his knife, sitting by the pond. I saw him as someone who knows everything about the forest and the pond. I was looking for the three little turtles in our pond. As soon as I saw them they disappeared under the water. Then, I saw this lizard thing crawl out of the water. It was big like a human and could stand up and talk. It was green and had dragon spikes on his back. I was crawling away from it fast, keeping my eye on it.

I knew, though, that sooner or later I would have to face it. Inside its mouth was fish gills. I asked it "What do you eat?" wondering if it would eat me. It said "Just bugs" and I felt safe. After that I noticed a big cliff with a big crack in it. The lizard went up to the top of the cliff and jumped off. Then a little green lizard baby came out of its stomach.

In the next dream, I was beside my dream mom (not my real mom) who was lying down, dead but still pregnant. I knew the baby would die if it didn't come out. Because of what the lizard had shown me, I knew that I had to run up to the top of the cliff and jump off to get the baby to come out of the dead woman. So that's what I did.

Then in the next dream, I am beside my young brother Jonathan, in the playroom; we are in sleeping bags. I wake up first and tell him that his mom died when she was giving birth to him and she was a very nice person.

Don is an intellectually gifted person. Michael knows this, casting him in the dream with a knife (often the symbol for a "cutting" intelligence). Again, Michael sees his dad as a mentor in the ways of the world.

The three turtles could symbolize some kind of spiritual truth or awareness which he gets a peek of (like his three dreams) and then soon escapes his consciousness. The turtle in Native tradition represents a form of spiritual leadership and wisdom in the ways of the earth, a "Merlin" type.

The lizard is a new character in his dreams, a new ally. Lizard is often described as the dreamer, the mediator between the worlds—a western version of the Hermes archetype. He comes out of the water but lives on the land, helping to bridge the two realities. Michael does not know whether to fear this new image of himself or befriend it. He observes it, converses with it and then learned from his self-sacrificing experience. Jumping off a cliff—and the cracked cliff itself—are metaphors for ego death. This is a level of maturity most adults don't reach before their mid life, if at all. In conscious life it matches his ability to get hold of his complexes and choose his behavior, sometimes choosing to serve others ahead of himself. Then, noticing that this very behavior births new options for him. A Native elder once called it:

"Dying to ones point to serve the greater whole."

Michael as dreamer observes the behavior in the first dream and then immediately integrates the teaching: in the next dream, he acts out the behavior in order to save the new life.

"Quite possibly this tournament served as initiation into manhood for him, a place where life (success) and death (failure) were in juxtaposition . . . proving again that paradox is the womb of transformation and individuation!"

The spikes and human size of the lizard dragon come as reminders of Michael's new stage in life. He had just won second place in a provincial "Kung Fu" Karate tournament, much to the amazement of his Sifu and his family! It was only his second competition. At first, he was bitterly disappointed that he had lost first place (like an ego death); however, he soon saw his success in the light of how many competitors he had challenged and won. After a week of introspection, his comment was that he's discovered he was much better than he thought he was. His Sifu's comment was that Michael was uncharacteristically fast and aggressive for such a mild tempered child. In metaphorical language, he might have said beaver-like Michael is also like dragon.

The coincident deaths of mother and dragon in the dream speaks to a newfound male independence characteristic of initiation rites, where young boys are taken away from their mothers into a world that is defined by their male mentors (in his case, Martial Arts training). Quite possibly, the tournament served as initiation into manhood for him, a place where life (success) and death (failure) were in juxtaposition . . . proving again that paradox is the womb of transformation and individuation.

The choice of lizard and the prominence of water as a comfortable medium in his dreams points to a remarkable sensitivity in Michael which is often noted when people meet him. He is comfortable with the exploration of the unknown and at ease in his emotional self. Michael is a budding mystic.

In his last dream segment, Michael applies the lesson to a more immediate issue in his conscious life. We made several changes over the last few years in our family life. Michael's dream picked up on these changes (deaths) in our family where mother went out to work and father stayed at home to nurture young ones. His last dream explains to his younger sibling that Mom is okay even if she is dead to us (not an 'at home' mother anymore). The act of manifesting a teaching in one's outer life is for an introvert (which Michael is) a significant step toward spiritual maturity and wholeness.

A few months after this dream, we were sculpting and painting bread figures. Michael produced a green spiky lizard. Don commented on the similarity between the dream figure and the sculpting. Michael seemed surprised; he's forgotten the dream (the turtles had gone underwater), but the energy of the transformation (the baby) was still alive within him begging him to express it artistically in his conscious life.

In Native tradition, it is said that when the lesson of one direction of the Medicine Wheel is learned, a new ally or totem will come to inspire the next stage in an individual's life. In time, a whole person will manifest the gifts of all four directions. This person is what we would call centered and situationally appropriate.

The change from beaver to lizard mirrors Michael's new process and assertiveness and effectively describes the journey from the south (youth, innocence, abundance, fertility) to the north (wisdom, power, arrow energy) of the Medicine Wheel. It also forecasts that his dreams and visions from the "other" world will be the source of his power . . . and perhaps ours, too. ✨

Magic Words

In the very earliest time,
when both people and animals
lived on earth,
a person could become an
animal if he wanted to
and an animal could become a
human being.
Sometimes they were people
and sometimes animals
and there was no difference.
All spoke the same language.
That was the time when words
were like magic.
The human mind had
mysterious powers.
A word spoken by chance
might have strange
consequences.
It would suddenly come alive
and what people wanted to
happen could happen —
all you had to do was say it.
Nobody can explain this:
that's the way it was.

-after Nalungiaq

from *News of the Universe*
Poems of Twofold Consciousness

Two Dreams and Drawings

by LaRue Near

Frogs

There were frogs of all shapes and sizes all over the house. I was afraid they would die because it was so dry. I found a small can with water in the bottom. I kept catching the frogs and putting them in the can. As I did this, others climbed and hopped out. Soon, the can was full but even with my hand over the top, they kept forcing themselves out. The small ones squeezed between my fingers. The large frogs, with tremendous power, were pushing against my hand. I just couldn't keep them in the can and still catch more. They were even in the sinks. ☆



Talking Foxes

by LaRue Near

A group of seven or eight foxes came running through a field. They stopped and talked with us. The lead fox asked us to take care of his son who had a bad ankle. There was a wonderful feeling of trust and warmth among all of us. We agreed. The foxes were anxious to move on and were quite relieved to leave the young one in our care. ☆



The Reluctant Moose

A Dream-Story with a Moral

by LaRue Near

A trapper, Pierre, from the north woods, befriended a moose and convinced him to follow him along the Missouri river to the big city of St. Jo. He enticed him with stories of unlimited cabbages, carrots, peas and broccoli. The moose loved exotic foods but was reluctant to go on this journey.

Finally, after hearing more of the delights of New Orleans gardens and the promise of a train ride back, the moose continued along the river bank with Pierre paralleling him in a canoe.

When they reached New Orleans, the moose dined on the local produce. The trapper sold his furs, exhibited the moose — who was an unusual sight in those parts — and they boarded the train. The moose loved the train travel. Pierre had other ideas. He shot and butchered the moose and ate him on the return trip. The moose antlers and canoe rode on top of the train all the way north.

This story-dream even had a moral: "Listen to your inner guide. If you are reluctant to do something, it is probably for good reason." ☆

Book Reviews

by Ingrid M. Luke



Our species communicates using hundreds of languages and dialects: sign language and Morse code; via computer, radio and television. With so much information available, why explore other sources? For those seeking to navigate inner realms or access portions of the collective wisdom of generations past, our culture's vast offering of "information" is often inadequate and doesn't reflect the multi-dimensional layers of our reality or experience.

This is where the less concrete but more spacious "language" of symbol and metaphor becomes invaluable. This is where dream work and story telling have much to teach us. Both have been sadly neglected and undervalued within the Western tradition for centuries, but the renaissance of these ancient legacies is inspiring.

Women Who Run With the Wolves:

Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype

By Clarissa Pinkola Estes', Ph.D.
(Ballantine Books, 1992) 520 pages,
\$20.00 (Hardcover)

Clarissa Estes' combines her gift as a storyteller with her perceptions as a Jungian analyst to take readers on a unique journey to meet the archetype she calls "Wild Woman."

Using multi-cultural stories gathered throughout her life, Estes' explores a wealth of images and symbols - some or all of which are bound to resonate with different women's inner experiences. These symbols are bound to be of special interest to dream workers. The interpretations are penetrating, and poetically rendered. With great delight, I found that several of the symbol interpretations helped clarify some personal dream images. The "Wild Woman" archetype includes those aspects of women's nature that society has worked so hard to suppress over the years. She is intuitively wise, fiercely independent, attuned to the cycles of nature as well as her own inner nature, and creative at all levels. Although these facets of our lives are often damaged or dormant, they are indispensable to our health and wholeness. With this book, Estes' challenges us to reclaim the "Wild Woman" within ourselves. The teaching stories that Estes' presents are charming. The lessons extracted are profound. Entertaining as well as thought-provoking.

Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill:

Using Dreams To Tap the Wisdom of the Unconscious

by Jeremy Taylor
(Warner Books, 1992) 292 pages,
\$19.95 (H) \$12.99 (P)

With insight based on years of experience, Taylor offers a wide array of suggestions for the practical application of dreams in daily life.

The in-depth techniques for remembering dreams are excellent. When discussing dream interpretation, Taylor guides the reader to connections with archetypal meanings while exploring the uniquely personal implications of dream images. Lots of solid information on group dream work is available, with a transcript of a dream group session provided for example.

Whether discussing lucid dreaming, shamanism, the multi-dimensional aspects of dreaming, or the possible impact of dreams on human and cultural evolution, Taylor offers us sensitive, original and inspiring ideas. Highly recommended.

Conquering Bad Dreams & Nightmares:

A Guide to Understanding Interpretation, and Cure

By Barry Krakow, M.D. &
Joseph Neiderhardt, M.D.
(Berkeley Publishing, 1992) 306 Pages,
\$8.95 (Paper)

For anyone who suffers from repeated nightmares or wants to help someone they know with nightmares, this is a comprehensive reference.

Drs. Krakow and Neidhardt offer the results of years of research to help the reader understand the physiology of sleep and how to differentiate between various nighttime events such as nightmares, night terrors, and sleepwalking.

Dream interpretation is strongly encouraged with numerous case histories on how nightmares are often related to physical, mental and emotional problems. Fully teaching and explaining dream interpretation in less than 100 pages, especially for someone new to dream work, is an impossible task. It might have been helpful to refer readers to some of the other excellent resources for further study in this area.

Finally, Drs. Krakow and Neidhardt have developed a series of techniques which have proven effective for thousands of people to eliminate continuous nightmares which are shared step by step. Packed with good information.

A Dream Gift:

One Dream Group's Experience Inspired by the "Dream Helper Ceremony"

by Linda Fisher & Micki Seltzer

We are members of a dream appreciation group that has been meeting for more than ten years. It is a peer-led group and although there have been some changes in membership, the tone of the group has been and remains very supportive and trust based. We derived our structure primarily from the one recommended in the book Working With Dreams by Ullman and Zimmerman.

Recently, some of us read the article on dreaming for another (*Dream Network*, Volume 11 No. 3, "Dream Helper Ceremony: Dreaming FOR Another" by Henry Reed and Robert Van De Castle, with Linda Magallon). Sandy, one of our members, was intrigued with the idea and asked if we would be interested in experimenting with the process. We had a few reservations about the idea but after some consideration and discussion, we agreed that the level of trust in the group was such that we could feel comfortable about trying this process. We decided to focus on a question brought to the group by Sandy, which dealt with balancing certain personal and professional aspects of her life. We designated two nights during the coming week when we would focus on recalling dreams addressing Sandy's question.

At the next meeting, we all read our dreams. Each one spoke to Sandy's question in a variety of ways and there were several commonalities among them. Each felt like a gift but we were particularly struck by Linda's dream. It was a gift not only for Sandy but for the whole group,

even those who were not present or were no longer attending regularly. Here is the dream:

I am in an open field with a group of 10 or 12 women. It is dawn, the sun just beginning to break through the trees, and I believe we are preparing for an initiation rite. I think it must be spring because there are new buds on the trees and we are wearing white, light, flowing gowns.

There is a pool, actually a deep, clear, narrow well, in the middle of the circle we form. At the bottom of the well I can see a large crystal bowl.

Sandy is one of the women in the group and it is apparent the bowl is for her. She dives down into the well and retrieves it. The

bowl is beautiful, marred only by a slight chip along the edge.

There is a picture of a woman etched into the bottom of it, a woman I gather is Sandy's mother.

The bowl begins to hum softly as Sandy holds it in her hands, finally singing like an angelic choir. It is a glorious sound. Simply indescribable

Linda also wrote down her feeling about the dream: "January 24, 1993. A dream for Sandy that proved itself to be an enormous gift. I awoke Sunday morn-

ing filled with a marvelous sensation of being peaceful, powerful and at one with the universe in a most positive way. This feeling stayed with me for the duration of the day and I thank Sandy for the opportunity to experience it. I dedicate this dream not just to her but to the entire dream group. It is a source of tremendous insight, inspiration and creative motivation for me."

We considered working with the dream but some of us were concerned that this would take away from the numinosity of this gift. We felt the dream spoke for itself. The feeling tone of the dream seemed to mirror the tone of our group and what the group has been for us. ✧



The Adventure of Starting Your Own Dream Group

by Noreen Wessling

of the
PINES DREAM SHARERS

The idea of starting a Dream Group was about as unlikely as Mother Teresa singing lead in a rock band. True, my shelves are lined with dream journals and my life pivots around my dream guidance, but if it weren't for a couple of friends cajoling me into it, I'd never have tackled such a project. Now, here we are ten months later and doing great.

This article is in response to Leon B. Van Leeuwen, who wrote to Dream Network recently with this request. "I would like to hear more from different lay groups." Well, that's us! We lay around on cushions on the floor once a month when our PINES DREAM SHARERS (PDS) meet in my living room (we live amidst the pine woods).

Let me tell you how it was in the beginning. We decided right off that we didn't want to join any of the existing Jungian Dream Groups in our city (excellent as they are). Instead, our emphasis was on 'blazing our own dream trail.' Fortunately, we had some strong dream workers among us, including Wilda Tanner, whose book, *The Mystical Magical Marvelous World of Dreams*, is about to hit the best seller list. It's fun to have a celebrity in our midst.

We also decided that PDS would remain an open group with no restrictions on who or how many people joined. Our thought was that the group would find its own level in its own time. This has proven to be true. The first few months were the toughest and varied from 5 people as a low to 18 as our all-time high (hopefully, never to be repeated!). The last six months has stabilized to a harmonious 6 to 8 people at each session. We've found that there is a

core group who come most of the time and the others join us every month or so.

As a token of our individuality, I made each member a colorful **PDS BUTTON** to wear. And about a week before our next session, I send out a **PDS FLYER** to keep members updated. Another innovative and well-appreciated bonus of being a PDS member is our "**BORROW BOX**." This includes over 100 tapes and videos on dreams and other related mind-stretching topics.

Since we only meet once a month, our members are encouraged to start their own "**SATELLITE GROUP**" if they want more input. At present we have one such group called *The Juicy Dreamers* ('cause we're so ripe!) and we meet once in-between our regular PDS meetings. Usually, this consists of our 3 or 4 core members.

Another option available for generating more input between group sessions is this: Dreamers are asked to run off ten copies of their 'chosen dream of the month' and if they want further feedback from any member between sessions, they only need to put their name and phone number on their dream. During our PDS evening, those who want to, pass around copies of their dream to everyone.

To the extent we have **GROUND RULES**, here they are:

1. Confidentiality

No yacking about other dreamer's dreams to non-members.

2. Respect for the dreamer's own knowing.

Regardless of group input, the dreamer has the final say on what the dream means.

3. Keeping within our designated time limits

(7 - 9 PM ... or 9:30 if we're on a roll)

4. No fee

5. Open-door policy

where all are welcome. We have found that the group finds its own best level relatively quickly.

OK, now to give you a run-through of a **TYPICAL PDS EVENING**. We have the living room all to ourselves with no interruptions (the dog is off in another room, bribed by a special rawhide treat and most of the five cats are outside!) Cushions are on the floor; the lights are low, the atmosphere cozy. After a few minutes of friendly chitchat, we sit in a circle and chant three OMs, which helps center and harmonize our energies. A verbal thanks is offered for this opportunity to be together and the intention is then put forth that this evening will bring to each of us just what we need the most from our dreams at this time.

At this point we have a number of options, all designed to get that "right brain" activated. If there are new members, I suggest we go around the circle telling a bit about ourselves in "**DEEP AND BRIEF**" fashion. I learned that at Findhorn, in Scotland! Sometimes I titillate the fantasy mind with questions like, "If your Fairy Godmother granted you just one wish, what would it be?" or "If you could be your favorite dream animal, what would it be and why?" or "What do you want most from your Dream Group tonight?" or here's the one from our Christmas session — "If Baby Jesus had an important message just for you, telling what you most needed to hear at this point in your life ... what would it be?" Then we all wrote our message with our non-dominant hand (which gave our right-brains an extra boost).

Last month, we followed the example of Jeremy Taylor from his excellent new book, "*Where People Fly and Water Flows Uphill*." He suggested having each member tell their dream, one after another, with no interpretation or comment at the time. This, too, worked very well as a cathartic warm-up and our group thanks you, Jeremy.

Next, I may take five minutes or so to share some of my own dream projects, experiments, ideas, etc. with the group (and also encourage them to do the same). Sometimes I'll show examples of **DREAM MANDALAS** I've made where I take a month (or year ... whatever) of evocative dream symbols and draw or paste pictures of them onto a large cardboard circle. Somehow, putting such highly charged images all together and sticking them on the fridge or somewhere you can see them often, can have a profound integrating effect.

Or perhaps I'll encourage the group to share any **ART WORK OR RITUAL** they have made or embarked upon from a dream symbol, image or feeling. Also, I may give examples of my own **DREAM COMPILATIONS**, where I track specific dream themes or issues over months and even years. I am constantly amazed at how insightful a method this can be for a 'long-haul view' of areas of vital importance. One of my own examples was when I compiled all my Art Dreams, dreamed over a ten year period. Yes, it took many patient hours and moderate bouts of hair-yanking to go over my almost 2000 journalized dreams of that time, and extract out only the sections from each dream that said anything about my art. Then I put these sections together sequentially by date and when I was all done, it read like a precious book from my Inner Knowing about how to proceed with my art work. It became so clear how I was blocking myself and gave much encouragement to keep on, even generously offering enough actual art projects, complete with ready-made designs, to keep me going for a couple of lifetimes. Taken individually, these many 'art dreams' had not yielded a fraction of what they gave me when taken in sequence.

Or I may share my **DREAM ART BOOK** which contains my favorite dream drawings and paintings all in one place. Or we'll get a few laughs when I read a bit from my **DREAM TITLES BOOK**. I use colorful words in my titles so that the provocativeness of the title rapidly brings back the dream essence to me. For example: "Potato-Head Man and

Slimy Bat Creature dance with Jimmy Stewart during the Earthquake." When the titles are read in time sequence, a grand overview is revealed.

"After a few minutes of friendly chitchat, we sit in a circle and chant three OMs, which helps center and harmonize our energies. A verbal thanks is offered for this opportunity to be together. . . ."

The idea behind these various approaches is to stimulate our group to an ever-expanding vision of what is possible within the Dream Group Adventure.

So, now we were primed up to start **WORKING WITH OUR INDIVIDUAL DREAMS**. The question of how to choose who got to work on their dream in a given evening was a sticky one for me. Obviously, only two or three dreams could be effectively worked on within a two and a half hour period. For the first few months, we used the, "pick the name out of a hat" method, figuring this was good synchronicity in action. The whoever-needed-it-the-most-would-get-it approach!

This worked quite well, but I still felt that not everyone who needed their dream focused upon was receiving it. Then I suggested we could alternate between the "hat method" and the more assertive method of someone simply saying, "I would like my dream worked on next please." This way we took care of both the extroverts and the introverts. The group consensus was that they liked having this choice.

In addition, after trying Jeremy's beginning exercise where everyone reads their dreams, we also found that by keying in on all the dreamers at once, more or less, it became obvious which dreams were 'asking,' if not 'begging,' to be worked with. Then, almost as a group, we would yell out, "Let's do so-and-so's dream next."

HOW WE WORK WITH A DREAM:

First, we have the dreamer tell their dream in its entirety (while passing copies of their dream around to everyone) with the addition of some detail on what was going on in the dreamer's life in the days surrounding having had the dream. This is a good way to get a lock on what the dream is likely to be elaborating upon, since most dreams seem to relate to our present life activities.

The dreamer is then encouraged to lay upon our eager ears whatever insights, thoughts, questions they have about their own dream. Then it's **OPEN FORUM TIME** and the group members take turns using the "**IF IT WERE MY DREAM**" approach (and variations) to project their ideas about the given dream, in order to offer insights, which hopefully help the chosen dreamer.

This usually proves to be a fascinating exchange. It's also a chance to improve our self-trust and to be surrounded by our own clear mirrors. Let me explain. I like to remind the group that, "Even if Carl Jung himself graced our PDS with his charming presence tonight and told you what your dream meant, don't accept his words are real for you **UNLESS** you also feel that "ah-ha" of goosebump recognition." This is what I mean by **SELF-TRUST**.

Individual group members can act as a mirror for each other. Almost always, what we offer as our insights for another person's dream is our **PROJECTION** onto that dreamer of our own issues and ideas. Now, it just so happens that we humans have so much in common at the deeper levels of connection (especially where intense inner work is being done), that many of these ideas **DO** have something in common with what the dreamer needs and wants. We can be triggers and catalysts for each other. That's when we experience the "ah-ha" of recognition.

Now this projection thing has some interesting ramifications. I noticed, especially in our early months, that certain people in our PDS would be very adept at riling up some other members. Angers would flare. Later, I'd get phone calls saying, "If you let that blankety-blank-blank person

back in our group, I'm quitting," etc. Then I'd give my little spiel about, "Looks like they pressed your button. Maybe it would be good to see what that's telling you about yourself. After all, if we can't get along in a safe, cozy environment like our Dream Group and handle the upheavals, how can we expect to deal with the schmucks out there in the Big World?" And then I'd add, "The majority of our group do not want to limit our PDS to the chosen few. It will choose its own right level, just be patient." Which, by the way, it did. Thankfully, the disruptive rable-rousers didn't come back anyway.

These were no idle words I was passing along. I've had more than my own share of 'projection whang-bang.' During the first few sessions, I found myself wanting to fix everything for everyone — keep 'em all happy. When the dream sparks started to fly, my anxiety rose and I felt it my duty as 'hostess/facilitator' to take care of everyone. (One of my perennial hang-ups that's been reflected in umpteen dreams where I'm dealing with my own control/power issues). Then right in the middle of the third PDS, I got it! I saw clearly what I was doing as it was projected on one of the many mirrors (or group members). I decided there and then that I no longer needed to keep the tight reign of control, disguised as 'taking care of everyone.' They are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves. I owe our group a great debt of gratitude for this long-overdue awareness.

This is an example of the great value of working with your dreams in a group as opposed to by yourself or with a friend or therapist (although, obviously, that can be a source of great value too). Remember, I'm not a 'group person,' so for me to say the following, it must be potent. I've found that the group opens us up to greater opportunity for novel input; greater energy generated for each person's benefit, and a greater stage with more players on it, allowing us to see our own dynamics played out with greater diversity. Our Dream Group is "mirror, mirror on the wall" all over again. And guess who's reflection you see!

As we progress into the mysteries of a particular dream, we look into our potpourri of "DREAM UNFURLING METHODS" and apply what seems appropriate, e.g. the following:

CHANGING THE ENDING OR DREAM REWRITE: Especially good on 'bad dude' dreams (of course, we know that all dreams come in the name of health and wholeness, but it doesn't always feel that way).

DRAWING SYMBOLS/IMAGES/FEELINGS: This is a great way to bypass our left-brained critic/censor mind.

DIALOGUING WITH ANY ASPECT OF THE DREAM: This can often yield surprisingly helpful insights.

YOU BECOME THE SYMBOL/IMAGE OR FEELING: This process gets you out of your own ego and into truer awareness.

GROUP MEMBERS ACT OUT YOUR DREAM WITH YOU: This offers a wider scope for understanding, especially when we get our body actions into it.

RE-ENTERING YOUR DREAM AND WATCHING WHERE THE ASSOCIATIONS TAKE YOU: This is probably our most used method. "It reminds me of...." is a potent means to self-discovery.

As a group, we are open to new ideas, adding to what already works for us. We don't want to reinvent the dream wheel, but at the same time we want to keep our freshness of spirit and come up with our own ideas.

Take last Halloween, for example — our PDS blazed a new trail to celebrate the event by having a special Halloween Nightmare Night. What fun! We each told our NASTIEST, FOULEST NIGHTMARE as a timely celebration of our Shadow Selves. Jung must have been proud of us! It was cathartic, potently helpful and hilarious all in one evening. A true devil of a night. We topped it off with pumpkin pie, cookies and drinks.

So, that's about all I can think to say about our Dream Group for now, however I've asked members to write a few comments about their experiences in PDS. Perhaps you have been inspired to start your own dream group. Go for it! It's an adventure of a lifetime. ✨

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... "s from Dream Group Members

"... when another group member tells or reads their dream, I listen as if it were my dream and try to experience it through my own 'set of marbles.'

When I'm getting feedback from the others on a dream I've presented, I feel very cared for, as if I've lain bare a covered part of my body and it is being massaged and healed." ✨

"I find I am stimulated and encouraged to remember, write and WORK with my dreams to a far greater degree knowing I will have help in understanding my more difficult, hard-for-me-to-see-it dreams.

In sharing my dreams and receiving loving group support, insight and prodding to go beyond my limits, I have been encouraged to:

- * See what I DID NOT WANT TO SEE (I am very good at that!).
- * Consider things I would have overlooked, ponder new innuendoes, depths and layers of meaning I had not considered or allowed myself to ponder.

* Achieve far greater depths of dream understanding.

* Move far beyond my comfort zone in acting out and/or visualizing my way through my most insecure, threatening, scary and painful issues (which I would otherwise have avoided).

* Find resolutions to old hurts, blocks and hang-ups which, once released, brought great new freedom.

I KNOW without a doubt I would never have worked through these without the encouragement, support and loving assistance from our dream group of wise, trusted friends. My thanks to all of them!" ✨

"My experience in Pine Dream Sharers has motivated me to be more committed to my dream study.

Since joining PDS, I have made sure to write down, analyze and incorporate my dream life into my waking life.

In addition, it has been fun to share other members' significant moments with them!" ✨

Feel the Rage of Orpheus

by Jeffery Lewis

Powerful imagery tonight — and lots of it. The visions and dreams are about an attempt to distort, destroy the impact of "Lake of Grief," an article published in the last issue of *Dream Network*. I have several conscious visions to start things. In the first . . .

Angels in the Dream Lab

I see a dream lab, sleep lab — probably Harvard. It is elaborate, with extravagant technical equipment, including a surgical theater. There are many doctors, scientists, technicians dressed in sterile hospital garb (including rubber gloves, masks) scurrying about. Curiously, all of these lab personnel have wings — not angel wings — rather wings made out of computer print-out paper covered with figures, equations, squiggly lines plotting REM sleep or something. I move through this throng at about calf level.

On top of the operating table where these scientists are working is a stone head with clumsy features chiseled into it. It is perhaps 2 1/2" tall and looks a lot like a stone Mr. Potato head, dream head. Various technicians are working on the head, changing elements of it, attaching electrodes to it, etc.

As they work, I see they are removing the human features so that the head looks increasingly like an egg, a petrified egg with abstract sculptural designs incised into it that look like a bas-relief of a bull's head.

This is essentially the "beast creation" process described in "Lake of Grief", describing how human beasts — Cains, Jeffrey Dahmers, Ted Bundys — are created. The bull head of the Minotaur attached to the human heart, supplanting the human head.

The last thing I witness is several of the "sleep technicians" taking this nightmare egg and placing it on top of my article, then begin to carefully, deliberately graft it, suture it, to my words!

As soon as I emerge from the vision state, I re-enter this lab and destroy the egg, making sure my work is not misused. (3/4/93)

The Herapists

I emerge into the next dream . . . from above, from a building behind me which I associate with the student dorm in "Dead Poet's Society." Immediately below me on the ground is a picnic table in a setting which resembles the nursery in a nearby town. Around the table are 8 - 10 people, herapists . . . I mean therapists! (Hera is the Greek Goddess, Queen of Heaven, who will not let her husband, Zeus, have children with mortal women.) The table is in the position where nursery plants are placed in a

hot house in spring to force them. I am to take a position at the table as one of the patients. The forced nursery connection suggests patients are being raised here — forced. Coming . . . down from the sleep lab in the attic of the Dead Poets Society dorm where I just witnessed the awful operation. This hunch is borne out when . . .

I take my position at the table and learn the herapists expect me to talk about my . . . rage, my violent thoughts, my . . . disruptive attitude.

I wouldn't mind talking about this with one of the therapists — one I trust but, as soon as I enter the group, he hands it over to the hateful, accusatory one whose idea of "therapy" is like the Inquisition. I feel this is a complete betrayal . . . as one of the things I wanted to talk about is that the violence, the rage are coming from the shrinks!

Feeling the Murder of Orpheus

As I sit there refusing to enter the therapeutic relationship, I begin to see "I" am Orpheus (dead poet) beginning to comprehend the terrible violence done to prevent me from remembering, resurrecting Eurydice, my mythical wife. Eurydice, "wide justice," delivered via the marriage of the artist and the land, the word and the Word, human conscience and the profound magical-creation powers of the metaphysical ground of being.

How do you think it feels! . . . is what I want to shout at these angels of the Republic of Dead Poets. How do you think it feels to be dismembered now, then tossed in the coffin of a "myth"? How do you think the poet, Orpheus, felt when he was dismembered by academics, herapists in white coats, his strong force erotic control over creation hacked apart, his blood used to grow "flowers" of verse which now peacefully reside in ten thousand anthologies of "poetry" which have no power, no Eurydice, no Prospero or book of spells — only a tin cup of beauty to beg with?

How do you think the body of the dream feels! How do you think it feels to be told you do not exist! That you are a meaningless discharge of electrical current, a "storm" in certain "primitive" areas of the brain, a meaningless fantasy! How do you think it feels to know your power to govern yourself is being abused, used to drive floods of headless Wrath to make monsters and . . . patients!

Can you imagine the grief and horror of Eurydice, the body of the human dream delivered to . . . hell?

To be split from her husband forever so that her body, her womb can be harrowed to raise Cains, Gaia mon-sters like earthquakes and hurricanes from the deeps, catastrophes to scare people into the sacrifice of Psyche, soul. Can you imagine how much it hurts to have your most profound body used as an abatoir and prison of eternal punishment? And you wonder why these scientific angels need wings of abstraction to fly above the cuckoo's nest?

The I of the Body

The "I," in the sleep lab (up in the attic of Socrates, of Plato's Republic which excludes, exiles the poet, the Orpheus powers of the true creator poets) is the gore of the dismembered dream body, body of glory tossed to the floor. I, "I" here, am the metaphysical body of Orpheus with which the poet, the artists, in conjunction with others, might govern the world without religion, without worship, without sacrifice, without punishment. For the dismemberment death of Orpheus initiates a coup, a secret and brutal coup which rips the metaphysical body from us and gives it to "Republics" which will be governed by authorities and humans under religious authority.

"I," am the gut and belly of the starving saint that might know the nectar, the honey of our true body and being. "I" lie splattered in bloody heaps in psychology labs everywhere. The floors of Departments of Philosophy are slick with my blood, which Kant claims you can't see or feel. Departments of Theology claim I was "raised" and am in Heaven; that is because they dare not feel me! Dare not feel the rage. Dare not feel Osiris as Seth hacks him apart into little bloody pieces. Dare not feel how it felt when Jonah was blamed, then swallowed by the whale and forced to prophesy against his will.

The rage of Orpheus, Osiris, repressed into the coffins of myth must be felt and then used I. That is the only therapy that will work. ✧

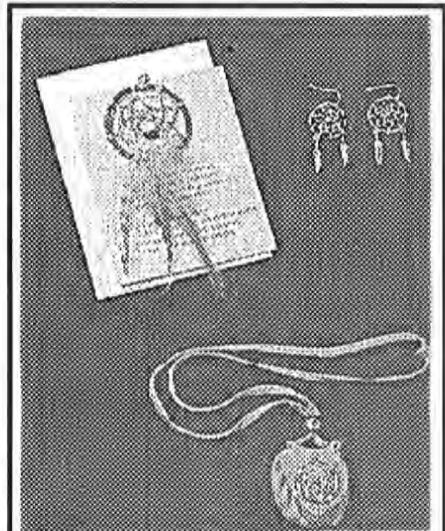
Cats, Cont'd from page 19

Again the cat turns out to be the guide. Although, ostensibly it is distressed and I am trying to protect it, it leads me to where I want to go. I would probably not have got there without its help since my rational self thought I was going the wrong way. The message is very clear—follow my instinct, take care of what is frightened and vulnerable, and I'll get to where I want to get.

My dreaming mind seems to favor cats but they are not the only animals that act as guides and your unconscious will choose what is right for you and for the occasion. Much will depend on what animals you feel an affinity, or antipathy, to, or on what a particular animal represents for you. This may not be the same symbolic meaning as that held by general opinion. For instance, dogs are commonly thought to be symbols of loyalty and fidelity. I like dogs but in my dreams they are usually dangerous.

Which brings up the question, if a dream animal is hostile is it still a guide? In a way, yes. Instinct is not necessarily nice. Its main concern is survival. Rage and anger are the natural response of a thwarted life force. If you experience rage against yourself through the agency of a vicious dream animal, this could be a direction to look at whether you are suppressing or controlling your natural spontaneity too strongly. Dogs, as well as being loyal, are very trainable and obedient. They will be obedient even when abused. But everything has its limit and eventually the response to abuse must be rage.

Dream animals are instinctive, innocent, playful, spontaneous, natural, vulnerable and wise. They show themselves in different forms to teach us what we need in that moment and show us a part of what we are. Wild animals are wild, untamed things, snakes are sneaky and wise things, worms are very basic things, cows are nourishing things, mice are small but important things, monkeys are shadow things, birds are free things. Just remember this: every dog has its day and there was never a cat anywhere that gave anyone a straight answer. ✧



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We invite **questions** and accounts of personal experience involving dreams and mythology.... from workable methods, transformative experience... to informal sharing, synchronicity, or insight gained in groups and therapy.

Typewritten double-spaced manuscripts are essential, approximately 2000 words; we prefer *both hard copy and computer disk submissions*.

Your questions, explorations *and* opinions are invited *via* **Letters to the Editor**.

Related sidebars and quotes are desirable.

Reproducible black and white original art work & photos are welcomed; photocopies are acceptable.

Please include SASE with submission and/or request for guidelines. DNJ reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication.

We invite you to 'throw out a net' for dream groups forming or needing new members, dream related research requests, and to notify us of upcoming dream related events or books which would be of interest to the readership.

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Building the Network

"If You Build It, They Will come."

We are in the process creating a listing of committed and resourceful *Contact Persons* who are willing to make quality dream-related information and reliable contacts more readily available to dream explorers. If you are interested in becoming active -- and listed -- as a contact for your city, state or region, please write or call *Dream Network* asap.

In this way we become a *more viable, visible and vital* network of autonomous individuals and groups, making ourselves available to provide quality guidance & resources to individuals pursuing information about dreams and to those who are interested in joining or starting dream groups. You may even choose to coordinate dream-related events in your area!

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(Continued)

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Kelly Bulkley is researching dreams that
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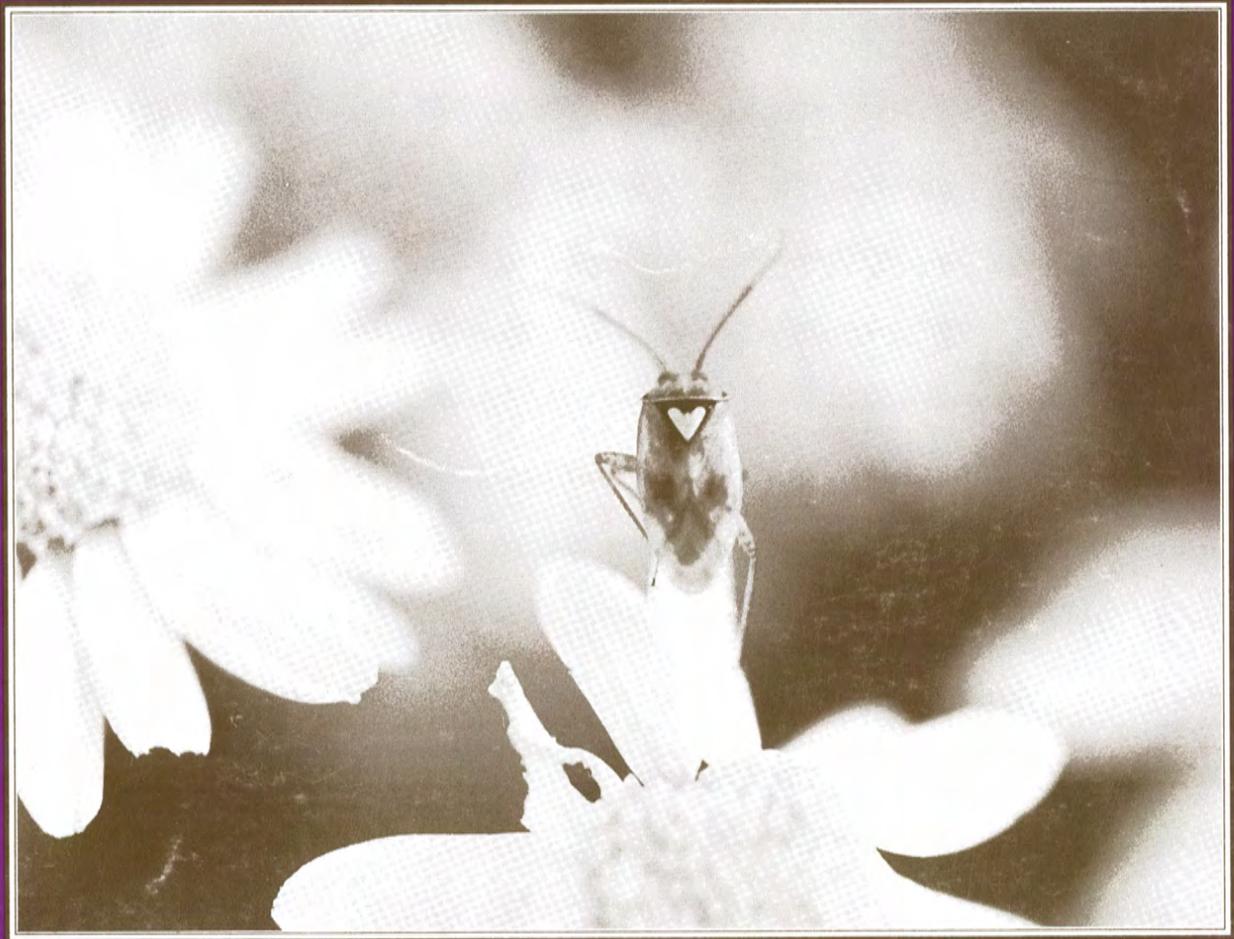
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